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ANECDOTES

OF

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE

REVOLUTIONS.

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OF THE

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE

REVOLUTIONS,

By COUNT PECCHIO:

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN," &c. &c.

26953

Let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored.

Lord Byron.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

As it is now clearer than ever, that the preservation of European freedom, and the stability of British power, depend on the stand which the Peninsula and Greece shall make against the HOLY ALLIANCE; it affords me particular satisfaction to follow up with these remarks of an intelligent foreigner, the observations and statements comprehended in my own work upon Spain; a work written under many circumstances disadvantageous to such a composition, and of whose imperfections none can be more sensible than myself.*

* "AN HISTORICAL REVIEW of the SPANISH REVOLUTION; including, an Account of the Religion, Manners and Literature in Spain."

26953

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LONDON.

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

The author's previous experience—not only as an eye-witness of Austrian oppression in Italy, but its victim in his own person—peculiarly fitted him to appreciate in Spain and Portugal, the blessings of an emancipation, for which his countrymen had vainly risen. It is true, some cases have occurred in which he, like others, has pronounced hastily, or erroneously, upon the characters and views of public men: yet, on the whole, every impartial reader will give Count PECCHIO ample credit for his warmth and sincerity in the cause of rational liberty.

Already distinguished as an eloquent and ardent defender of Italian freedom, more especially during the unfortunate struggle for regeneration in Piedmont, the author was included in the list of *proscritti* which heralded in the accession of CHARLES FELIX. When the disastrous effects of that short-lived contest are considered, and the sufferings of those amiable and excellent men who have been driven from their country taken into

the account, the frequent allusions to Italy, which occur in these pages, will not excite surprise: I am sure they will find sympathy in every patriotic bosom.

From the circumstance of his addressing his letters to an Englishwoman, greatly distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, it would appear that the Count is among the number of those, who conceive that the influence of the sex should not always be confined to the domestic circle. I have in another place had occasion to observe, that the women of Spain are powerful auxiliaries of freedom: it is not surely too much to say, that neither would those of England diminish their just claims to esteem and admiration, by following the example of the Peninsula.

The position of Spain and Portugal at this moment, is calculated to excite the attention of every man who feels the smallest interest for the independence of nations. Faithful to

the doctrines promulgated at Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Carlsbad, Troppau and Laybach, the CONGRESS of Verona has not belied its assemblers. Worthy of a darker age, it has not merely denied the imprescriptible right of a whole people to legislate for itself; but followed up its unholy ban, by a declaration to confederate in a common war in support of the monstrous assertion! The feeling with which the official notes, and French king's speech have been received in England,—while it justifies the hopes of those who have not formed their estimate of our national character from the acts of a late minister—sufficiently stamps the hateful principles of the HOLY ALLIANCE; and although there be a party in the cabinet, still too disposed to sacrifice the glory and mar the prosperity of England, by a slavish acquiescence in the liberticide views of despots, it is consoling to reflect that its most elevated and influential members perceive the terrible consequences of a co-operation with such allies, and the wickedness even of

remaining neutral, while they break down all the barriers between modern civilization and the barbarism of gothic times.

Satisfied, therefore, from the heroic manifestation of public opinion which marked the first arrival of these documents from France, that the people of England will do their duty in the present eventful crisis, I feel but little uneasiness as to the effect which a few fanatics can produce against the general voice: and as there never arose a question in which party spirit had so small a share, I have no hesitation in calling upon LORD LIVERPOOL and MR. CANNING to justify what they have led the nation to anticipate by their speeches on the opening of Parliament. Never was there so bright an occasion for a British minister to immortalize his name! Let Greece and the Peninsula be rescued from the barbarians, and I care not to *what* set of statesmen the palm belong. It will be enough for our posterity to know, that their forefathers

averted the greatest catastrophe which could ever befall civilized society.

While opinion continues to stimulate the sane portion of our ministers, and there is a probability that England will rank pre-eminent among the vindicators of constitutional freedom; it is gratifying to remark, that the people of Spain and Portugal feel their danger, and are preparing to repel the invaders. The errors, which can never fail to attend a transition from centuries of slavery to a state of liberty, have been most abundantly felt throughout the Peninsula.* But though the

* The appointment of ambassadors, secretaries of legation, and consuls, was not more propitious to the Constitutionalists on the restoration of liberty, than that of the ministers. It was a capital error, if not a crime, in the men of 1812, to employ persons who were either unfit for diplomatic situations on the score of talent, or sure to betray their trust through venality and want of principle. Without making any personal application of the above general remark, or at all wishing to derogate from the character of those who are now delegated to represent Spain and Portu-

men into whose hands the destinies of Spain were committed in 1820, betrayed their

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gal, at such Courts of Europe as yet receive their ministers, it cannot be too often repeated, that the consolidation of their liberties must obviously depend on *the kind of men* they depute to watch over their interests in foreign countries. Better, infinitely better would it be, for the Peninsula to remain unrepresented abroad, than that she should be represented by individuals, either incapable or unworthy of their trust.

Here I must take an opportunity of expressing my disappointment and regret, at the want of energy displayed by the Portuguese ministry in the case of my friend Bowring's arrest; and the subsequent insult offered to Portugal in the person of its envoy, M. D'Oliveira, on leaving France. Both these cases called loudly for reprisals; and the fact of their being suffered to pass without a single vigorous measure, has been of infinite injury to the national dignity. Such omissions, in powers that are menaced with invasion, never fail to encourage aggression, while they really diminish the moral and physical strength of a people.

Should my friend continue unindemnified by the ruling faction in France, Portugal is bound by every principle of honour and equity to remunerate him for injuries sustained in *her* cause, and a long and cruel imprisonment in a foreign country.

charge by a series of acts, little inferior in political enormity to *treason*——and even their *successors* have not escaped censure—— this cannot palliate the wanton aggressions of the neighbouring faction, who, having lighted up the torch of civil discord in a friendly territory, is now preparing to consummate its perfidious work by an invasion as unprovoked, as it is indefensible upon every principle of humanity and justice.

In alluding to the errors of those from whom their country had a right to expect more firmness and integrity, it is impossible to avoid calling upon the men who now compose the Spanish and Portuguese ministries, to show themselves above those petty feelings and confined views, which proved so fatal to the power and reputation of their predecessors.

Impossible as it may seem, for the ministers of Spain and Portugal to divest themselves of *all* those peculiarities, which result

rather from education and habit, than from any premeditated design or natural inclination; the time is at hand, when only the most unimpeachable honour, and imperturbable resolution, can preserve the social edifice which the valour of the people has erected. Many motives might be adduced, to prove that it is especially the interest of the present constitutional ministers of the Peninsula, to avoid all possibility of offending public opinion. If they are desirous of retaining their places, this is only to be effected, by keeping steadily in view that cupidity in worldly matters, and predilection for checking the progress of freedom, which distinguished the men of 1812. It ill becomes those, whose whole lives have been passed in railing against the feudal aristocracies of Europe, to give the slightest encouragement, either by precept, or example, to the vices which have undermined them, and which must ultimately achieve their destruction.

Having, elsewhere, treated the subject at

some length, I shall not now stop to recapitulate the innumerable blessings derived from the Constitutional System in the Peninsula: blessings, which, though hitherto alloyed by the presence of intestine rebellion, are too obvious to escape the commonest observation. But it would require a large space to do justice to this part of Spanish and Portuguese history. I shall, therefore, content myself with remarking, that the advantages of *reform* were never more strikingly exemplified, than in *their* instances: and although so much still remains to be achieved in almost every department of the state, yet enough has been done to convince the most sceptical, that POLITICAL REGENERATION, when properly conducted, is among the first necessities, as it is the greatest blessing reserved for civilized man.

In hinting, formerly, at the faults of public men in Spain, I could not help condemning and deploring the fatality which could induce the ministers of FERDINAND, and not

a few men in the Spanish Cortes, to continue a war against principles in the New World, which they were fighting to sustain in Europe! How melancholy it is to reflect that Portugal, whose representatives have excited the astonishment and admiration of nations, should have fallen into the errors of her neighbour. I am fully aware, that the reasons alleged by the Portuguese statesmen, in favour of the war against the Brazils, are much more cogent than those put forth to justify the hostilities of Spain, against the Independent States, which have thrown off her dominion. But there is something so monstrous—so opposed to common sense and reason,——in taking up arms for the purpose of putting down a principle in one hemisphere, for the establishment of which, the best blood of the Peninsula is flowing in another, that no effort should be left untried to expose its fallacy and absurdity. I have nothing to add to the opinions I gave in my account of Spanish affairs, on the war carrying on against her colonies of South America, ex-

cept a conviction which I feel in common with thousands, that the Constitutional System will never be secure, nor consolidated, nutil Spain recognize an independence, which she cannot possibly hope to prevent. It is no excuse for the mother country, that those who will no longer walk in leading-strings are quarrelling among themselves; and not unfrequently manifesting a want of principle, which makes their most ardent friends doubt their fitness to enjoy the blessings of liberty. Whatever may be the internal dissensions of the Colonies, they are *agreed* on the grand point: and having conquered their independence, it is very improbable that the conduct of the new rulers, however bad, will ever induce the people to covet the yoke, which they have made such heroic efforts to throw off.

To the publicists and politicians of Portugal, who pretend that the Brazilian revolution has been effected by a handful of discontented and ambitious Portuguese; that there

is no *national* party in the country; and above all, who adduce the fact of a rebel prince aping the criminal follies of ITURBIDE, the Mexican leader, as a proof that the *people* of Brazil have no share in the passing events, I would merely observe, that if the mother country cannot recal her children by such offers as shall make it their *interest* to remain united, force ought, upon no consideration, to be employed. Nor is it necessary to offer a single word more in support of this advice, than the short but unanswerable arguments of COUNT PECCHIO. Yet, preposterous as it is for Portugal to presevere in a war, that even if successful would exhaust all her resources, and ten times more, if she had them, there is little doubt but that highly advantageous terms might be still obtained by negociation. But, if contrary to the hopes and entreaties of their real friends, the Cortes and Cabinet of Lisbon persist in the unnatural contest, they must be prepared to assume the most terrible responsibility ever yet incurred

by any party entrusted with the reins of a government.

I cannot conclude these desultory remarks, without reiterating my anxious hopes, that the measures of defence are adequate to the tremendous external perils that threaten the asylum of European freedom. If they have profited by past experience, neither the Ministries nor the Cortes can be ignorant of the extent of these dangers. They will not, then, be led away by the bombastic effusions of empirics, who are never wanting before the storm arrives, in every country: neither will they be lulled into a security, which has proved so destructive to others. Knowing, as the Constitutionalists do, that their enemies, both foreign and domestic, are numerous; that they are united by the most powerful motives of interest and pride, the smallest error might lead to dreadful consequences at the present moment. If they would save the ark, it can only be done by unanimity, in sentiment and in action. The

reported coalition of the Spanish Liberals, has been always the grand desideratum: if, however, it be not followed by the long wished for treaty of alliance between the two menaced governments, by which they mutually guarantee each other's political existence and territorial integrity, there will be great additional cause for regret and reprehension among their friends. If a sense of common danger, and the necessity of self-preservation, did not render the proposed alliance reciprocally imperative, there are many other inducements why it should be ratified without loss of time. Spain and Portugal have been too long divided by jealousies, falsely called *national;* but which, in reality, are only the natural effects of that FEUDAL SYSTEM, which, from the earliest ages, down to the times we live in, has adopted for its motto and rule of policy, the Machiavelian maxim of *divide, et impera.* But when rivalries of this kind are once obliterated by treaties of reciprocal benefit, every people who are struggling for freedom becomes the natu-

ral ally of Spain. Among these, however, there is one, that claims to be more particularly noticed; and here I will ask the Liberals of Spain and Portugal, why they have not acknowledged the independence of GREECE—classic GREECE!—that country which has shown itself worthy of its renowned ancestry, and whose sons continue to perform prodigies, unexcelled even in the Peninsula? This unmerited neglect, and, I would almost add, *criminal omission*, is among those errors most deeply to be regretted by the friends of freedom and humanity, nor do I discover one solitary argument by which it can be justified.

Should the Constitutional governments conceive it inexpedient to adopt a measure, which justice and policy alike seem imperiously to demand, they can surely avail themselves of the heroism and constancy of the Greek people. At all events, the experience of the last two years must have convinced the Ministers of Spain and Portugal that there is but ONE nation in Europe, from whose co-

operation and support they might derive more efficient aid, than from the Hellenic Confederation.

But it is time to close these observations, which have already led me into greater length than I intended. In conclusion, I shall merely add, that the Peninsula has a most arduous and difficult task to perform. Exhausted by the despotism of ages—torn by intestine divisions, and unable, from dilapidated finances, to conduct an offensive war on an extended scale, its safety must depend rather on the bravery of isolated corps, than on the operations of large armies. How important, therefore, is it, that these, whether native or Cosmopolite, should be *so* organized, as to inspire the best hopes of success!*

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* When, at the revolution of 1820, the Peninsula became the natural asylum for the persecuted under every government, one of the first propositions made by a distinguished and gallant military officer in this country, was the

The measures taken to identify the army with the political code, are admirably calculated to produce the desired effect. They cannot be carried into execution too promptly, and are well seconded by the regulations with regard to that only constitutional defence —a national militia. To make the soldier feel that his best advantages and proudest

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organization of a COSMOPOLITE CORPS; which, in accordance with its title, should exact no other qualification for enrolment, than a detestation of tyranny, and a sufferance in the cause of freedom. A number of proscribed Italian patriots, who sought refuge in Spain and Portugal after the termination of their efforts in Naples and Piedmont, constituted an excellent ground-work for the formation of this corps. But instead of catching at this proposal as it behoved the Peninsular governments, a few hundred Piedmontese were merely allowed to form themselves under the banners of MINA, in Catalonia. The gallant conduct of this handful of men, only served to prove what important results might have been achieved, had the suggestion of our countryman been adopted. Regretting, as we all must, that the above plan should still remain a dead letter, it were needless to dwell here on the advantages which its immediate realization would ensure to the general cause.

rights are derived from his civil character, ought to be the first aim of every liberal government. It is at once the principle and *test* of political wisdom and foresight; and the country, that is so administered, is impregnable without a fortress.

While the Cortes and Executive are occupied in the affairs of internal security, I trust they are not unmindful of those foreign relations, which, at this crisis, it is so desirable and indispensable to cultivate. Having hinted at a few of those means and measures which are likely to contribute to the salvation of Spain and Portugal, I am sure it is needless to remind their statesmen and diplomatists, *where* the grand and surest anchor of their hope is cast. For though I should change my admiration into contempt, were I to perceive a disposition to make the smallest concession derogatory to the national honour, or injurious to the constitution they have sworn to maintain; yet, so alive am I to the impor-

tance of a good understanding between the PENINSULA and ENGLAND, that I venture to say its most vital interests—the very issue and fortune of the coming struggle—depend on its cementing that union with US, to which it is well known we are enthusiastically disposed.

E. B.

London, February 25th, 1823.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN.

LETTER I.

Irun, May 5th, 1821.

You have, no doubt, by this time, heard how Italian liberty has been shipwrecked; and who knows how many victims are about to fall under the poignard of despotism! I think I see the monster, like another Polyphemus, when deprived of sight, roaring and writhing in his cave, to immolate some new holocaust to his fury. Fortunately, nearly all the leaders of the revolution are out of danger: they owe their safety to the generous patriotism of the Genoese: six hundred of our youth took refuge on board merchant vessels, invoking the winds to waft them into an exile, that may, perhaps, be eternal! It was at this moment that the enemy's columns precipitated themselves on Piedmont; but the national guard, by its firmness and resolution, stopped the Austrians at the foot of the Bochetta, and not content with protecting the flight of so many ill-

fated patriots, it offered to defend the city to the last extremity. This was certainly a most generous act: it might have afforded an opportunity of washing out the shameful stain of Vercelli; but how was it to be carried into execution? Guns, artillery, and even ammunition were wanted: some of the old fortifications had been destroyed by the Royal Government, to be replaced by others which were not yet completed. The defence of Genoa could only be momentary, and it might have drawn down the vengeance of the massacre of 1746 on the citizens; an event, which the Austrians have not yet forgotten: the fugitives were, therefore, bound to reject this magnanimous proposition, and they accordingly departed full of gratitude and admiration for a people, who, above all others in the Italian Peninsula, had shown themselves worthy of freedom.

A bright sun and beautiful sky illumined this melancholy flight; the western coast covered with flowers, exhaled the perfumes of the orange groves, which, wafted by the breeze to a considerable distance from the shore, seemed like syrens, desirous of drawing us once more to land, only to be sacrificed in the end. It was thus, that some of our companions who entered the port

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* Alluding to the massacre of the Austrian force which occupied Genoa at the above-named period.— Ed.

of Savona, were torn from their hospitable ships, and dragged before military commissions, not to be tried, but condemned.

I only speak to you of the last sighs of Italian liberty; since, being yourself present at the unforeseen revolution in favour of the Constitution, which took place at Genoa, on the 23rd ultimo, you must have perceived how the people preserved their courage to the last. If they could not save the goddess herself, they succeeded at least in rescuing the principal movers of the revolution.

I had chosen the mountains of Switzerland for my retreat, until the tempest should cease; but the minister Bardaxi, with whom I have long been on terms of the warmest friendship, having induced me to accompany him to Spain, I did not hesitate to change a doubtful hospitality for a certain asylum. Behold me, therefore, conveyed to the Peninsula, as it were by enchantment, in a splendid landau, borne along by six post horses. However colossal the giant of despotism may be, he no longer inspires me with any fears; nor can his arm reach me at Irun.

We had scarcely entered this small town, when I hastened to go and contemplate the *Lapida*, or Constitutional Stone,* which has been raised in all

* The Lapida, or Constitutional Stone, consists of a slab of marble or stone; even wood is sometimes substituted; this is

the squares and market-places, even to the most insignificant villages of Spain. The Constitution, like religion, ought to be an immoveable monument, on which the heart and eyes should constantly be fixed: wherever a cross is placed, there also should arise an emblem of the social compact. Your sister, Lady A———, who loves liberty with the same zeal as she does religion, would smile, with her usual enchanting grace, on seeing these two signs of redemption always united in Spain.

On alighting from the carriage, five or six individuals successively rushed up to M. Bardaxi, and pressed him in their arms: I at first thought those who treated the Prime Minister of Spain with such familiarity, were relations; but they soon undeceived me, informing me that they were the public functionaries, or merely inhabitants of the town. From this reception, I augured that a Minister of

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affixed in the wall, and inscribed, *Plaça de la Constitution*, (Place of the Constitution.)

It was in 1812, and on the proposition of M. Capmany, a distinguished literary character, and Deputy of the Cortes assembled at Cadiz, that the Congress issued a decree, requiring that the principal square or market-place in every town and village of the Peninsula, should bear the above appellation. The stone and inscription were therefore set up as decreed, with the greatest solemnity. As this monument reminds the people of the social compact which secures their liberty, they attach the utmost importance to its preservation.

State in Spain was a man like other people, and congratulated myself on the discovery.*

The breakfast given to us by the Collector of the Customs was also served up without the least ceremony; while the conversation seemed to be as frank and cordial as if all the party had been old school-fellows. We tasted several kinds of exquisite wines; but what I chiefly delighted to imbibe, was that really free air which I now respired for the first time.

We set out again almost immediately.—I will address you often, even though you should become a miser with regard to your own letters; because I am assured you will thank me for making you acquainted with the people amongst whom I am about to mingle. I promise to be guided by truth

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* This example of familiarity towards the great, ought to undeceive those who have thought there was a proud and intractable aristocracy in Spain. There is not, on the contrary, a single state of Europe, wherein the classes are more confounded than Spain, or where those who occupy places of dignity and trust are so accessible. The nobility is so numerous, that its very extension places it almost on a level with all the other classes. There are whole provinces in which all the inhabitants are nobles, and where the mere circumstance of being born in them, entitles the party to consider himself of noble blood! The nobility cannot be regarded as an obstacle to the new institutions, since most of those who have declared themselves favourable to them, are mostly of that class. There were not more than three plebeian deputies in the Congress which assembled at Cadiz in 1813.

and sincerity, in the opinions I may give on their character, manners, and institutions. Do not, however, expect a description of those ancient monuments or picturesque sites, which may present themselves; it being impossible for me to think of any thing now but politics. People may tax me with fanaticism as much as they please; I shall easily console myself in reflecting, that the fanaticism of liberty can never be ridiculous.

The bells of the mules warn me that the moment of re-entering our vehicle has arrived; I therefore close my letter by requesting you will present my cordial salutations to the whole of the O—— family, and that you will always believe me,

Your affectionate servant.

LETTER II.

Bribesca, May 9th, 1821.

LAST evening was so extremely disagreeable to me, that I would have most willingly renounced four of the senses at least. Figure to yourself a soup that a hound returned from the chase would not have had sufficient courage to lap; burnt cutlets, about as tender as the Bull of Excommunication on parchment, which Barnabas Visconti made the Pope's legate swallow; wine infected by the odour of the goat's skin from which it had been drawn; a few dry nuts; and the whole served in succession on the same plates, without napkins! Such was the supper offered to us by the Postmaster of ****. The bed was nearly a third shorter than my person, (and I am far from being a giant) rickety, and as hard as the pavement; while the chamber was perfumed with the effluvia of the oil in which the cutlets had been fried. It occurred to me at first, that the host had made a trifling mistake in gratifying me with this particular apartment; and I went to examine another portion of the

building, where I perceived a number of muleteers huddled together with the most Sybarite simplicity. Convinced, at length, that the landlord was an impartial man, who only wished to see equality established amongst all his fellow-creatures, I quietly retired to my room, notwithstanding its inelegance.*

Although the night thus passed was certainly not the most delicious of my life, yet, on rising at an early hour, I felt myself much more free and light than during the preceding days. I was cured of my fears that the *Coalesced* would come to Spain: this night had, in fact, the same effect on me as the apple which fell on Newton's nose. Proceeding from one induction to another, and tracing effects to their causes, I established a political axiom in my own mind, which afforded me the utmost consolation: it is, that should the Holy Alliance invade Spain, its invasion will have precisely the same results as that of Napoleon. Spain is not invincible, but she is fearless. I now begin to perceive why this nation does not betray any signs of fear, and is neither alarmed nor even discomposed by the rumours that circulate in Europe

* The roads and inns have been so much improved since the establishment of stage coaches in Spain, that the traveller is as well accommodated in many of the latter, as he could be in France, particularly in those of Vergara, Tolosa, Vitoria, and Burgos.

relative to the project of invasion: I also perfectly comprehend how Spain carried on, and will again carry on, a national war. How, for instance, can conflagration or pillage frighten the imagination of a Spaniard? He has neither costly furniture, plate, nor effects of value to lose; for the house of a middling farmer in England, is worth more than the whole of a Spanish village.

M. Bardaxi, my travelling companion, is an Aragonese; he assures me that the peasants of his province do not begin to make use of a bed until the day of their marriage. Most of the lower classes wear a woollen covering of various colours, through all seasons; this serves as a cloak during the day, and is a bed at night. A piece of goat's skin fastened round the foot, and forming a species of sandal, supplies the place of shoes. The neck-handkerchief is an ornament almost entirely unknown, and insupportable; stockings are only worn in a very few provinces, and even then, seldom reach much above the ancle, so that the leg is left nearly bare.* The peasants of Valencia economize even to small-clothes; these are replaced by shirts which descend to the knees.† In no part of the

* The author doubtless alludes to the very lowest classes of society, and those who inhabit the villages; for it is generally known, that the inhabitants of the principal cities and towns of Spain dress like the rest of Europe.

† What the author calls a shirt, is a species of loose drawers, open at the knee, and the form of which (extremely ancient)

Peninsula are the gradation of coats, or difference of cloths known, as they regard the seasons. The Galicians wear a jacket, small-clothes, and gaiters, all of a coarse brown woollen cloth, even in summer. As to the mode of living, it is no less simple than their dress: bread and vegetables, seasoned with oil or bacon, is the usual repast of the common people. I have seen many of the peasantry eat roots with their bread, which they had just before torn from the earth. Thus it is that war occasions no privations to the Spaniard. In Andalusia, where the houses of persons in easy circumstances are better furnished than those of other provinces, the Spanish soldiery slept on the ground, in preference to the most sumptuous beds; observing, that they could not sleep in these cribs, to which they had never been accustomed! You doubtless recollect the story of a soldier under Philip of Macedon, who was recommended not to expose himself so much in battle as he had previously done, and who smiled at the advice, replying in words, of which it would be so easy to make a thousand applications in the present day: "When I exposed my life, I was neither blessed with health nor money; being now strong and rich, I feel that it would be madness to sacrifice so happy a lot."

Such are the causes which prevent the people

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greatly resembles the Highland kilt. The national name of this article of dress is *Zaraguelles*.

of Spain from fearing any of the hardships or inconveniences of a wandering and warlike life. Thus is it also easy to conceive, why several nations amongst those composing the Italian Peninsula, support the yoke of foreign domination, rather than momentarily forego the comforts of life. I never forget the two dogs of the fable: the one lean, scraggy, and dirty, but free, and exempted from the whip; the other plump, well fed, and pampered, though tied up and beaten at the caprice of his master. A rude and laborious existence in liberty, or one of effeminacy and idleness in slavery, seems to be the alternative of every people. Simplicity and coarseness of manners form the strength and defence of Spain. Sparta had no other walls than the breasts of its citizens. In 1808, Spain had neither parks of artillery, entrenched camps, nor fortresses; the Spaniard took up arms, and ended by vanquishing, without any of these auxiliaries of art. Even now, I am in the habit of hearing that the strong holds on the frontiers are neither supplied with provisions nor ammunition; that the arsenals are empty; that there is no cannon, nor even powder enough for a single battle.* Truly this apathy surpasses that

* Though this assertion is somewhat exaggerated, it must be acknowledged that the *materiel* of war is very deficient in Spain; but the circumstance ought only to be attributed to the peculiar state of affairs, and not to the apathy or indifference of the nation. In the unfortunate reign of Charles IV., six years of an

of the Turks: but do not be alarmed; a Spaniard is not in the habit of foreseeing obstacles; he knows how to surmount them. If we cannot discover much care and precaution in such a system, it certainly displays an abundant share of courage. This indifference to the future is a species of fatalism, which Spain inherits from her Mahometan ancestors. If, during the late war, the Spanish armies wanted bread, its place was supplied by roots or chestnuts. Were they without moving hospitals,—they resigned themselves to fate. While the English camp was even gorged with provisions, and it had even flocks of sheep and goats to supply milk for the army's *Tea*,* that of their friends, the Spaniards, was often exposed to the greatest scarcity, though its inmates displayed the greatest patience and intrepidity.†

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exterminating warfare, during which we experienced many defeats, and immense losses of stores and ammunition; finally, the reign of despotism and terror, occupied rather in destroying than creating, must necessarily have produced the present state of things.

* Although the picture here drawn may be true to a certain extent, the ludicrous story relative to providing milk for the tea, was doubtless communicated to the author by some one desirous of imposing on his credulity.—Ed.

† Nothing could certainly equal the hardships and privations suffered by our armies during the war of independence. Unprovided with clothes and shoes; often even in want of bread, they bore their sufferings with admirable patience. If made prisoners, they escaped at the risk of their lives, not to return to their homes, and repose from fatigue, but to rejoin the corps in which they had previously served, and to incur new perils.

The word *home*, so seductive to English ears, is not known in the Peninsula. The ignorance in which people are, as to the comforts and conveniences of life, is, perhaps, the cause why a love of national independence is much more powerful than the love of country. During the revolution, Frenchmen are said to have fought for their country, as for a mistress whom they adored: in the war of independence, it is well known the people of Spain contended as if they were engaged in a struggle for personal honour. I have heard that it was from the same motives, or rather than see the soil become a prey to fire and sword, that the French submitted to the iron sway of foreigners, in 1814 and the following year. Like Virginius, who pierced the bosom of his daughter sooner than abandon her to the embraces of a lascivious deceiver, the Spaniard would again destroy his country with his own hands, before he suffered it to be tyrannised over by an enemy.*

* Saguntum and Numantia, present sublime examples of what a love of independence is capable of producing in Spaniards;—a thousand traits of a similar nature are furnished by the late war. In many provinces, and particularly Galicia, individuals were often known to set fire to their own houses, when occupied by the enemy. If the people of other countries followed this example, when foreign enemies invaded their soil, the independence of nations would be more respected; and in that case, conquerors would not so easily find satellites to aid their ambition against an inoffensive people.

A Spaniard is scarcely ever overtaken by what is called the malady of home or country: the most distant enterprises and perilous conquests have never exhausted his fortitude on this point. The soldiers of Ferdinand Cortes, Pizarro, and Charles V. had no other country than their camps.

If my stock of paper were not exhausted, I should have added another sample, almost as voluminous as a state paper from the Austrian chancery: but you are happily like those *improvisatori* of Italy, whom it is sufficient to furnish with a text, and they will supply the rest.

LETTER III.

Burgos, May 10th, 1821.

WHAT will you say, amiable lady, on so soon seeing me violate the promise I made not to describe any of the public monuments? But I must make an exception in favour of the tomb of *El Cid Campeador*. The name of this celebrated hero, the Bayard of Spain, is in every mouth; all the poets and historians of the Peninsula have vied with each other in eulogizing his character. I have just seen his tomb, and also his enormous iron cuirass, suspended in the sacristan of the cathedral.

The Cid was born at a village near Burgos; his ashes lay there in a monument of black marble, tolerably regular for the age in which it was constructed. The French, after having provoked the late contest, endeavoured to calm the fury of Spanish pride, by transferring the tomb to the public walk of Burgos, and surrounded it with trees and flowers; but the Spaniards were not lulled by this homage paid to their favourite hero, nor by the processions at which King Joseph attended in

person: much less by the mantle which the French gave our lady of the pillar. So that when the former entered Burgos, they destroyed the trees and shrubs planted by the hands of their enemies.

I should be tempted to say much in dispraise of the city, if the cathedral, which is of the German gothic style, fantastic but magnificent, did not inspire some respect. This is market day; the peasants are assembled in the great square, seated on the ground and cross-legged, like orientals. It is thus they often place themselves in the churches, where neither chairs nor forms are scarcely ever to be found. It is singular enough, that the most orthodox people on earth, should say their prayers in the same attitude as the Mahometans.

Although all my senses continue to be in some degree offended; yet do I persist in wishing that the habits of the people may not become too civilized. It is true you have neither Grecian sofas, voluptuous baths, nor splendid coffee-houses here; but, on the other hand, there are no foreign visitors, who command with cudgels in their hands; no humiliating imposts are paid; nor arbitrary laws imposed. When Rousseau was consulted on the best mode of organizing Poland against the aggressions of Russia, his reply was, that he did not know a more efficacious one, than to preserve the Poles as they were. It is also my anxious hope that the people of Spain may never feel

uneasy at not reposing on beds like the peasants of Italy, nor indeed possess any of those superfluities which are likely to diminish their love of independence.

In renewing my salutations to the members of your amiable family, permit me to add, by way of friendly injunction, that, if you are still engaged in reading Sismondi's Republics of the Middle Ages, never to give any quarter to the Ghibelline party; it was the leper of Italy, and still exists under different denominations. I dislike even Dante himself, notwithstanding his immortal rhymes, because he belonged to that parricidal faction. Three thousand Italians wander at this moment, far from their country, and in a situation the most deplorable, owing to the recent treasons of this very faction, which has retained nothing that distinguished the Ghibellines of former days, but their innumerable vices. In Spain, the *Afrancesados* are unpopular even to this day, while the hatred towards the French is already extinguished.*

* The six years of despotism which weighed down Spain, have effaced all the horrors and evils of the previous war from the memory of the nation: so that the French are now very well received in the Peninsula. Notwithstanding the criminal efforts of the ultra royalist journalists of France, to irritate the Spanish people and government with daily calumnies, the number of Frenchmen who have, in spite of this system, transferred their talents and industry south of the Pyrenees, is very considerable. The

last law relative to foreigners, decreed by Cortes and sanctioned by the King, accords the greatest protection to strangers: this law, proposed by the deputy Oliver, and of which Don Jose de Altamira was reporter, declares the Spanish territory an inviolable asylum for the persons and property of all those foreigners residing in or out of Spain. Both them and their effects enjoy equal protection with the natives. Property can never be sequestrated nor confiscated, on any pretence, not even by way of reprisal in time of war. The same law also provides that no person who takes refuge in Spain for political offences or opinions, shall ever be given up. What a contrast does not this present, to the conduct of certain governments bordering on France!

LETTER IV.

Madrid, May 19th, 1821.

In spite of awkward postilions and refractory mules, we contrived to reach Madrid on the 12th. I have not as yet taken a lodging; in the first place, I am somewhat difficult as to choice, and in the next, the hospitality I continue to experience under the roof of M. Bardaxi, is of the most gratifying description. It could not be more gratuitous, and neither costs a single reverence or the smallest restraint, even to the cares of the toilet. During the mornings I remain in slippers, observing, as in a magic lantern, all the friends, protegées, or expectants who come to visit the minister. Those who enter this house, enjoy the utmost freedom both as to coming, going and conversation. This species of democratic etiquette, not less rational than agreeable, is also encouraged by the other ministers. Bardaxi is surnamed the good patriot; this is a flattering title, justly merited by the whole of his political life. While at Bayonne in 1808, he was one of the first to

declare in writing that Ferdinand neither could nor ought to abdicate. During the siege of Cadiz in 1810, and succeeding year, he filled the double offices of minister at war and foreign affairs, combating at the same time, and with his Aragonese firmness, the opposition of the Cortes and a distinguished English military leader, as well as the attacks of Marshal Victor. If I am not mistaken, you must have seen him at Genoa. You perhaps may recollect the dignity of his mien; if you had any conversation with this statesman, it would have been easy for you to perceive that he is no less gallant towards the fair sex, than are the rest of his countrymen: he is a very handsome man, and possesses a mind endowed with the same regularity and solidity as his person. Neither extravagance nor wild chimeras, ever enter into the plans of M. Bardaxi: on the contrary, his opinions possess a degree of mathematical precision. Enterprising as Alberoni, firm as Ximenes; he has neither the ambition of the first nor the despotic genius of the second. M. Bardaxi enters the ministry with excellent views; I hope, for the good of half our hemisphere, that his colleagues, the Cortes, and Ferdinand may support him.

The fall of the late ministry, was caused by its vacillations, uncertainty, and pusillanimous deference for certain cabals. Of that administration, nothing but monuments of its weakness remain. The *divine* Arguelles (this is the title conferred on

him by the English owing to his eloquence*) gave many proofs of human frailty. As an Italian, I can never forgive this minister for suffering Naples to perish, without a firm and resolute intervention at the Congress of Laybach. The whole of Europe will perhaps one day pay for the terrible consequences of this homicidal prudence.†

The march of the new ministry will be energetic; it will neither be violent, servile, nor mon-

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* Here our author has been again misinformed; the surname of *divine* was given to Arguelles by his own countrymen, during his powerful and meritorious exertions as a member of the extraordinary Cortes of Cadiz.—Ed.

† It is impossible to be angry with an Italian so full of patriotism and attached to liberty, for these reproaches addressed to the Spanish ministry. Nevertheless, an impartial examination of the conduct of the ministry at the time here alluded to, must force every body to admit that they did their utmost in favour of Naples.—Of what use would the protestations of Spain be, if not supported by force? If ministers could have had an army of two or three thousand men at their disposal, then might they be reproached for not having defended the cause of Italy; but without such a force, the protests and declarations of Spain, would have been treated as the ridiculous bravados of a Don Quixote, by the despots assembled at Laybach. Spain did all she could, and would have done more, if it had been possible to calculate on a more obstinate resistance by the Neapolitans, and the co-operation of France. But all Europe is acquainted with the conduct of the French ministers, who, so far from co-operating with Spain to sustain the independence of Naples, seem anxious that Spain should experience the same fate.

archical; it will be constitutional. There may be some individuals amongst the liberals, who will condemn a system of impartiality, that is exempted from passion; they call themselves the eldest sons of liberty, and wish to be treated accordingly: the present ministers will maintain constitutional equality, and I have no doubt, that, when the former perceive that the system becomes consolidated more by the observance of the laws, by the vigour of the executive, and maintenance of order, than any other means, they will hasten to sacrifice personal resentments on the altar of their country,

LETTER V.

Madrid, June 1st, 1821.

It is now nearly three weeks, since I first began to contemplate the most beautiful monument of Spain, or perhaps of the universe ; although the edifice appears magnificent in my estimation, and one of the most perfect specimens of modern architecture, I shall not give you any description of it, lest I should break my word a second time. The structure which excites my admiration more and more every day, is that of human reason : I allude to the Hall of Cortes. You are aware that the Cortes were instituted by the Goths, and that for eleven centuries, down to the reign of Charles V., they were more or less powerful in the kingdoms of Castile, Leon, Aragon and Navarre. The despotism of Charles and his successors, had insensibly corrupted and finally destroyed them. These ancient Cortes, were nevertheless a Gothic representation ; that is to say, much more feudal than national. But they have been greatly amended and improved since their restoration.

The hall in which the members assemble, is capacious, well lighted and richly ornamented. You neither see those eternal allegories, inexplicable enigmas or statues of Cicero, Brutus and Cato, which so often usurp the attention and admiration due to modern orators. Spaniards, are Spaniards, and will be nothing else: and since they do not wish to interfere in any way with what is passing north of the Pyrenees, how can they possibly feel an interest in what passed there two thousand years ago? It is thus, that instead of those foreign witnesses; Mortuary tablets, bearing the names of the first martyrs to Spanish liberty, such as DAOIZ, VELARDE, PORLIER, LACY, and ACEVEDO, are placed round the hall. These simple and unaffected memorials appeal more powerfully to the heart and the imagination, than all the formality and labour of the chisel.* On a large

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* Daoiz and Velarde were martyrs to Spanish independence, as Porlier and Lacy were of its liberty. Porlier attempted to establish the constitution in Galicia in 1815, and Lacy made a similar attempt in Catalonia, two years after: both were the victims of their patriotism, as Quiroga and Riego would have become, had not the nation obeyed their generous call.

DAOIZ and VELARDE, captains of artillery, were killed at Madrid, on the 2nd May, 1808, in heading the people who had risen against the French army. The particulars of this fatal event are not yet sufficiently known in France, though it was the origin of our insurrection, and hastened its developement. Murat thought he would intimidate Spain by this act, and thus

slab, directly in front of the throne, is inscribed, in letters of gold, (in order I suppose that the personage who occupies that august seat may not forget it) THE SOVEREIGNTY ESSENTIALLY RESIDES IN THE NATION, TO WHICH ALONE BELONGS THE RIGHT OF ESTABLISHING THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS.

The throne itself is supported by cariatides, a circumstance that by no means pleases me. This species of ornament can only be gratifying to tyranny, which always delights in curbing and oppressing mankind. The human species ought

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paralyse the resentment secretly expressed against Napoleon. But when he fancied the object in view had been attained, and the whole Peninsula subjugated, many provinces rose, and though deprived of communication with each other, local governments, composed of the most popular patriots, were established. It was thus that the provincial juntas were formed. One of their first operations was to organize the army for the purpose of resisting invasion. The Junta of Seville, seconded by that of Grenada, collected the corps which defeated the French General Dupont, at Baylen, obliging Joseph Bonaparte to abandon Madrid to the victorious army of Castaños.

No sooner had our army re-entered the capital, than a central government was immediately organized. The provincial juntas concurred in this measure by sending two members to form part of the new government, and giving up their authority to be concentrated at a single point. It was by the re-union of these delegates, that the Supreme Junta, with the title of Central Government, was formed: this body possessed the sovereign power, and was not only recognized throughout the Peninsula, but in all the ultra-marine possessions.

never to be debased even in fictions. The idea of the French Constituent Assembly, in removing the allegorical figures, representing the nations enchained, from the pedestal of Louis XIV.'s statue, was both grand and generous.

The deputies have no costume ; every member dresses as may be most agreeable to himself. It appears to me that this practice represents the people with more precision, since their dress varies to infinity. Each orator speaks from his

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Scarcely had the patriotic government been installed at Aranjuez, than the arrival of Napoleon with another army, rendered its removal to Seville a matter of necessity. Here it remained till the beginning of 1810, the period at which Andalusia was occupied by the French. Thus pursued, the central government took refuge in the Island of Leon. Feeling the importance of concentrating the executive power still more effectually, a regency of five members was named : when this became invested with authority, that of the Supreme Junta fell of itself. When removed to Cadiz, the Regency assembled the Cortes, which had been already convoked by the Junta. The Cortes soon after established the constitution, and appointed another Regency, to which the executive power was confided in form. Nothing is more calculated to excite admiration, than the establishment of a government in the only point of the monarchy which resisted the invasion, at a moment, too, when the nation, abandoned to itself, was entirely under the sway of a foreign force. The Regency at Cadiz, besieged within its walls, had neither soldiers, arms nor money ; nothing, in fact, which could cause its authority to be respected ; yet, was it recognized and respected by the nation and the four quarters of the globe!

place and always extemporily; none but those who have long written speeches to make ascend the tribune, and this seldom occurs; so that the debates are much more rapid and animated than in other countries. The speakers never attempt to make any display of their erudition; they never play upon words, nor indulge in witty sallies; above all, you hear no personalities or illiberal allusions in the Spanish Cortes. Woe to the nation if this mutual respect was not shown! The extreme irritability of men, in a climate like

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The name of *Persas* (Persians), is given, in Spain, to those perjured deputies of the Cortes of Cadiz, who addressed a representation to Ferdinand VII. on his return in 1814, advising him to reject the constitution. This epithet was applied through derision, because the representation addressed to the King, which is a model of baseness and servility, was preceded by a Persian anecdote not less ridiculous than absurd.

The 172nd article of the constitution, enacts, that those who shall advise the King to prevent the meeting of Cortes, or to suspend and dissolve them, are to be considered as traitors to their country, and condemned as such; the perjured deputies had therefore incurred the pain of death; yet the Cortes, to whom is reserved the trial and punishment of this crime, merely deprived them of their honours and employments, as unworthy the name of Spaniards: allowing those who wished to take advantage of the privilege, to stand their trial. This determination, as humane as it was prudent, has yet found numerous detractors amongst French journalists, who, after disfiguring it, to suit their own purposes, had the infamy to assert that the National Convention never dictated a more sanguinary and atrocious law.

that of Spain, would otherwise produce scenes much more frightful than those which took place in the Diet of Poland.

The votes of Cortes are given nominatively; each deputy pronouncing the word *yes*, or *no*. No wonder that Napoleon should have considered the "*no*" of the Portuguese minister at Bayonne sublime. That of the Spaniards is quite as tragic and impressive as the "*no*" of Bayonne.* The sonorous tone with which this monosyllable is pronounced, indicates that it proceeds from the heart, and is irrevocable. It should also be remarked that the verb of negation is more analogous to the Spanish character than that of affirmation. In this country the former more frequently implies the *non fare* of the Italians, and this *non fare* is infinitely more energetic in Spain than the *le fare* with us.

Most of the actual deputies have come out of imprisonment or exile. The nation has recompensed its patriotic citizens, by endowing them

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* This allusion is made to an interview that took place at Bayonne in 1808, between Napoleon and the Count de Lima; in the course of which, the French Emperor exclaimed, "What do you Portuguese want: do you wish to become Spaniards?" Upon which the Count, assuming a more firm posture, and seeming to raise his head at least two feet above its natural height, clasped his sword, replying in a tone which shook the whole apartment; "No!"—Ed.

with a title at once the most solemn, sacred and honorable; they have shown themselves worthy of this precious mark of confidence. The first measure of the Cortes, performed in the name of the people, was an act of clemency, and this is the most sublime prerogative of sovereignty. The *Afrancesados* and *Persas* have experienced a proof of generosity, of which they ought never to render themselves unworthy.*

Deputies from the Philipines, South America, and the Canaries, form part of the present Cortes; so that individuals from the four quarters of the globe are thus seen assembled, for the first time, in the same hall, to act, as it were, for the interests and welfare of one great family.

There is at least a third of the Cortes composed of bishops and priests, which led me to imagine I was present at a religious council, the first time I visited the congress. The tone of declamation and gesture observed by the members, does not vary in the smallest degree. At the close of every

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* It is most deeply to be regretted, that this act of clemency should have been so environed with trammels, as to render it perfectly nugatory, if not a mockery to many of those it was intended to solace. The Cortes of 1822, grown wiser by the errors of their predecessors, will, it is expected, make the amnesty what it should have been at first; free and unconditional in all its parts.—Ed.

period, there is a motion with the fingers of the right hand, which the orator holds up, so as to resemble the sign of a cross. I could scarcely refrain from laughing when I saw General Quiroga gesticulate like the Pope.

The Cortes of 1820 and 1821, have consolidated the liberal institutions of the new code, by their uniform steadiness and calmness of deliberation; they have thus prepared the way for the triumph of humanity. Whatever may be the result of the new elections, (and there is no reason to think they will not be good) it is consoling to reflect, that the corner stones of Spanish regeneration are laid. The extraordinary Cortes will complete the remainder of this important work.

Up to the present moment, the ministry have no party; nor can they have any without great difficulty, even in the end; for here the *stomach* does not allow itself to be conquered by the *stomach*. In Spain the appetite is very moderate, and satisfied with a little; whereas the ministers have not as yet, nor will they perhaps, ever play the part of *restaurateurs*. All the taste and flavours of a Spaniard is concentrated in his oil, as those of the Jews were found in their manna of the desert. Decorations, ribbons, garters, and other baubles of a similar nature, have not the same imaginary value in Spain, as they have north of the Pyrenees.

MORENO GUERRA, and ROMERO ALPUENTE,* both members of Cortes, are greatly beloved by the people, arising no less from the purity of their

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* The author could not have named any two men in the Peninsula, more dear to liberty or their country. ROMERO ALPUENTE, though nearly seventy, is without exception one of the most active and zealous patriots in Spain. He belongs to the legal profession, and has been for more than twenty years president of the Royal Court at Grenada, where his knowledge, firmness and integrity, made him an object of universal respect; so that he has long been looked upon as a model for the judicial authorities of Spain. The frankness and generosity of his private character is no less a subject of general panegyric. A reformer of fifty years standing, Romero Alpuente has been constantly opposed to the system of oppression which desolated the nation previous to the recent happy change. It is chiefly to his eloquence that the Afrancesados are indebted for the most favorable clauses in the amnesty passed during the Cortes of 1820, of which he was a distinguished ornament. His conduct during the persecution of Riego was truly admirable, particularly on the 7th of September, when he so ably exposed the shameful intrigues of the first constitutional ministry, vainly endeavouring to induce Agustin Arguelles, to bring forward his pretended charges against the hero of Las Cabezas. M. Alpuente has since been almost a constant resident at Madrid, and together with a few other members of the late congress, amongst whom I ought not to omit the names of Count Palma, Diez Morales, and Moreno Guerra, exercised a most salutary influence on the measures of government and public opinion, by their wisdom and moderation as leaders of the *Comuneros*.

At the moment of paying this humble tribute to patriotism and virtue, a foul calumny has been repeated from the organs of the

characters, than their unexceptionable and spirited conduct in the national congress; but it strikes me that the nation shews still more respect and esteem for Martinez de la Rosa and Calatrava, for their more moderate opinions, and the dignity of their eloquence.*

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ruling faction in France, and which represents the venerable Romero Alpuente, as recommending the massacre of the priesthood, after the example of the monsters of 1793. It will be for those, who are not associated in mind and fortune with the vilest crew that ever usurped the reins of a government, to appreciate such an assertion as it deserves. But happily the whole conduct of the Spanish reformers, and above all, the unspotted character of him who is thus calumniated, furnish so effectual a refutation of the charge, that it would be an insult to the good sense of the British public, were I to take any farther notice of a falsehood, that is not, I am willing to believe, credited even by those who have given it a place in their columns. In alluding to such an attack, I merely wish to call the attention of every impartial man to the weapons which an *ultra royalist* can use, when driven to the last extremity of disappointed treason.

Moreno Guerra, like his friend, was also amongst the most popular members of the late Cortes, and like him, was invariably opposed to the liberticide measures of the men of 1812. His opinions of their errors and weaknesses, have been ably and eloquently given in a pamphlet published at Madrid in the early part of the present year, and which is, I believe, now before the public in an English dress. This little tract, places the author in a high rank amongst the political writers of the Peninsula, and entitles him to the applause of his country.—Ed.

* Martinez de la Rosa, has not gained in popularity since the above was written. With talents and genius which fall to the lot

The rules of Cortes do not admit of any digressions from the object in discussion : a regulation which is scrupulously observed by the deputies; indeed, I do not recollect any instance of an attempt to violate it, either by episodes, allusions to the situation of Europe, or directing attacks against other governments. It would in fact appear, that Europe is a kind of superfluity to Spain : no person passes the Pyrenees, either in word or

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of few, he might have become one of the brightest gems in the patriotic constellation of Spain. It was, however, the fate of this splendid orator and elegant writer to attach himself to a party, instead of adopting the more honorable and glorious determination of adhering to the people. His reward, like that of many others, is a suspicion of having, by his neglect, to say no worse, while entrusted with the foreign department, contributed to the perilous state into which the capital was thrown on the memorable 7th of July. This has led to an order of arrest, which has, however, been since annulled. Those who are acquainted with the character and powers of Martinez de la Rosa, maintain that he will, ere it be too late, unequivocally espouse the really popular cause in Spain. The author of *La Viuda de Padilla* and *Lo que puede un Empleo*, would be an immense acquisition to the COMUNEROS.

Calatrava, whom the author has joined to Rosa, in his comparison, is deservedly regarded as one of the most able statesmen, and upright patriots in Spain. His refusal to accept a seat in the present ministry, has not been very satisfactorily accounted for. It is however very generally attributed to his wish of not separating himself too much from the men of 1812, with whom he had hitherto acted, and of whose party he is perhaps the greatest ornament.—ED.

thought; those mountains seem to be the pillars of Hercules for the Spaniards of the present age. Though so many days in Madrid, and the first Italian who has reached it since the disasters of which my country has been lately the theatre, will you believe me, when I say, that not a soul has yet condescended to interrogate me on the revolution of Piedmont? If the subject happens to be mentioned in the course of conversation, and any thing is said about Italy, the speakers are sure to confound Piedmont with Naples; although these two countries are seven hundred miles apart!

I have no news from Italy, which fills me with the most melancholy presentiments. I think I still see her dragged through the mire by her implacable enemies; while her sons are decimated by special commissions, tribunals of blood invented by the advocates of terrorism, and so often imitated by those who usurp the title of Fathers of their People. Can it be possible, that like Tiberius, the Austrian cabinet has suddenly passed from dissimulation to ferocity? When we reflect on the interest Austria has, rather to calm than irritate the passions of fifteen millions of men, she ought surely to prefer moderation to vengeance!

LETTER VI.

Madrid, June 10th, 1821.

AMONGST the *seven hundred* generals of Spain, can you divine he whom I was most desirous of knowing?—Ballesteros, the declared opponent of Lord Wellington. To me, it seems extremely natural that the enemies of Englishmen should be the friends of Italy. Of all the Spaniards I have met since my arrival, Ballesteros has received me with most cordiality, and that sympathy which can neither be simulated nor dissimulated: I am also induced to esteem him for the friendship and kindness he has shown towards General Pepé. I never saw a member of the military profession tender his hand to a brother soldier with more warmth and cheerfulness than Ballesteros. His gait is always martial; and even when walking about his room, he appears to be at the head of a column marching against the enemy. He is an enthusiast on the score of valour, but never wishes to command any but Spaniards. His prejudices with regard to the British Chief, are still

unabated: he continues to repeat, and with reason, that it is better to be beaten by enemies than commanded by foreigners; because, says he, a defeat may be retrieved, but there is no remedy against humiliation. It was not, however, the preference shewn to Lord Wellington that irritates him even to this day, but the affront thereby cast on the warriors of Spain. You will allow that a rivalry thus frank and noble is altogether Homeric.* Ballesteros has often been heard to express contempt of danger, but never to men. With so chivalric a mind, he could not bend to despotism, and was therefore exiled from the court to Valladolid, during the reign of terror. Recalled last year, it was he who presented the Constitution to the King for his signature. The soldiery who served under him in the war of independence, and with whom he partook of the same ration, are as warmly attached to their favourite chief as ever. With what pleasure

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* Of all the measures of the first Cortes, none was fraught with so many advantages as that relative to the Duke of Wellington. The motives and circumstances which induced the Cortes to confer the command of our troops on that general, are developed with the greatest truth in a pamphlet on our revolution, attributed to Count Toreno. The history of Spain presents more than one instance, of a similar nature, rendered necessary on the principle of public utility, and when the national honour could not be wounded. The Duke de Vendome commanded our army at the battle of Villaviciosa, and Crillon during the siege of Gibraltar.

have I heard him declare, in a tone of the firmest conviction, that we are no longer capable of effecting any thing really great, and have lost our energies from the moment our conscience reproaches us with having committed a base action! It is on this account, adds the general, that tyrants study the means of inducing those officers who have most served them, to disgrace themselves, so that their ambition may be rendered abortive, as they are henceforth unable to undertake any thing magnanimous.

Are you not better pleased that I should have thus sketched a general, on whom the liberales would cast their eyes in a moment of danger, than if I had given you a description of the Roman aqueduct which still remains entire at Segovia, (where I made an excursion some days ago,) and which has conveyed a salubrious stream to that city for above two thousand years?

LETTER VII.

Madrid, June 20th, 1821.

WHAT a pity ! amiable lady, that *avarice* should be so mixed up with all the fine qualities which excite the admiration of those who have the happiness of your acquaintance ! Is it not a proof of avarice to call upon me for an account of the Spanish revolution in exchange for that with which you have favoured me relative to the occurrences at Genoa on the 23rd of March ? Since, however, you have given me a loan instead of a gift, I will not wait to be summoned for payment, and shall therefore endeavour to pay my debts in the best manner I can. Fortunately for me, there have appeared two pamphlets containing an account of the insurrection of La Isla, and to these I must recur, in order to get out of my difficulties. But joking apart, these publications are so important that they deserve to be more generally known.

The following facts suggest themselves to me in contemplating the recent Spanish revolution. 1st. The analogy of the circumstances which gave

rise to it, with those of Piedmont. 2nd. The ease with which despotism may be destroyed and great reforms effected with very slender means, in a country governed by the abuses of arbitrary power, rather than the laws. 3rd. The utility of secret societies, to prepare, unite and animate those who are destined to undertake the work of regeneration.

You doubtless recollect that Voltaire defined masonry to be a society that never did, nor never would achieve any thing. Yet has masonry in Spain completely falsified the philosopher of Ferney's prediction; since it was that which enabled the officers of the Andalusian army to deliver their country from bondage.

The ministry of 1819, having determined to remove all those young officers with whom liberal ideas had taken root, from Spain; projected the expedition to Buenos Ayres, of which they were to form a part; but the remedy was worse than the disease; for, those who were lukewarm and inactive while separate, became re-animated when united, and hailed with delight an opportunity for which they had long been sighing.

The 8th of July was fixed on as the day of Spanish regeneration. Twenty-two thousand men, the flower of the army, were collected in Andalusia, for the expedition of Buenos Ayres. Count Abisbal, who commanded in chief, encou-

raged the suggestions of those who showed him that it was now in his power to deliver the people from the slavery in which he had contributed to plunge them. Naturally enterprising, and probably repenting an error that had tarnished his name, he appeared, for the moment, to approve a project so flattering to his self-love : it is even said that Abisbal was the principal mover of the whole plan.

The flame of insurrection spread with rapidity through the army ; nearly all the officers were of that age when bold and hazardous enterprises are sought with avidity : so that they cheerfully encountered every obstacle which seemed to oppose the great object of their wishes ; thinking it much more worthy of their bravery and calling, to save their fellow citizens, than bear the chains of slavery to the new world. Although the soldiery were not in the secret, it was readily imagined, they would gladly promote a design, which suspended an expedition that augured so fatally for their future destiny.

The important day having at length arrived ; all eyes were turned on Abisbal for the fulfilment of his promise. A part of the army were already under arms, and waited the event with anxiety, when all of a sudden, they saw themselves surrounded by the cavalry and garrison of Cadiz headed by the Count himself, crying, "*long live the*

king!" and issuing orders for the arrest of several officers, amongst whom, were Quiroga and Arco Aguero.

This inexplicable perfidy excited infinitely more indignation than terror amongst the patriots, who freely expressed their sorrow and disappointment at being thus shamefully betrayed. The probable fate which awaited those who were now arrested, occupied every heart, rousing all their sympathies, till at last, those who had been suffered to retain their personal liberty, determined to accomplish a design, on which, not only their own happiness, but that of the nation depended. For this purpose, a meeting was held on the 13th, only five days after the arrests, in order to propose a new plan of operations, and concert the best means of bringing the enterprise to a glorious and triumphant issue. A few other patriots met at Gibraltar, with the same objects in view: here it was agreed that a central junta should be formed at Cadiz, to correspond with those minor committees established in each regiment, and to direct their proceedings. Unhappily the yellow fever broke out at this moment, thus interrupting, for a time, the execution of the plan. But as patriotism is invincible during the first moments of its enthusiasm, it was decided that emissaries should keep up the communication, by changing their names, and assuming such other disguises as were most likely to elude the vigilance

of the enemy. The doubtful were thus sounded, those who appeared resolute still more inflamed, and the soldiers initiated into the secret. These preliminary steps were continued notwithstanding the fresh arrests that followed up those of the 8th almost daily, as well as the preparations for vengeance made by despotism, without perceiving that its danger increased every hour.

It is the nature of every sect to increase and acquire boldness in proportion to the persecution which it meets. This re-action was the more remarkable amongst the people of Spain, from their being no less religiously observant of a secret, when once enjoined, than firm and persevering in their undertaking, which it might have in view. As the period of embarkation arrived, it became necessary to hasten the execution of the patriot project: a leader was wanted, but none of the generals inspired sufficient confidence for this envied office.

After much debate and deliberation, the choice at last fell on Colonel Quiroga, detained at Alcala de los Gazules, while the direction of the staff was confided to Arco Aguero, shut up in the castle of St. Sebastian near Cadiz.

Providence seems however to have pointed out a man who was destined to give a powerful impulse to the grand work; one of those rare characters, justly called extraordinary, whom no obstacles can impede, and who think nothing

impossible which they have determined to perform. Rafael del Riego, second commandant of the Asturian battalion, burned to deliver his incarcerated companions, and full of confidence in those around him, for they were also impatient to hear the cry of liberty, he swore to vanquish every difficulty and execute the enterprise they so ardently invoked.

The first of January, 1820, was chosen for a general insurrection of all the troops. While two battalions, under Riego, were to surprise the General-in-chief, Calderon and his staff, two more headed by Quiroga, were to make a rapid march on the bridge of Suazo, carry it by assault, enter San Fernando, and then present themselves before the Cortadura of Cadiz, of which the gates were to be thrown open, as previously agreed between the patriots.

The aurora of this bright day having at length arrived, the first cry of Spanish liberty resounded through the village of Las Cabezas soon after dawn. This was the day which occasioned Riego to be styled the hero of Las Cabezas. The young Commandant and his officers, having first proclaimed the Constitution of 1812, it was received with enthusiastic shouts by the troops, and seconded by the multitude.

Riego lost no time in making towards the head quarters; this movement was affected with such rapidity, that he arrived at Arcos undiscovered by

any of the garrison, and dashing into the town, found but little difficulty in arresting Calderon and the whole of his staff. Very few regiments having as yet declared themselves, Riego, though in possession of the head-quarters, had only three battalions under his orders, whereas he was surrounded by a force of ten thousand men, who might be persuaded to impede the enterprise.

While these events were passing at Las Cabezas and Arcos, Quiroga, though deprived of all communication with Riego, surprised the garrison of San Fernando, incorporated the troops with his own party, and fortified it against every external assault.

After having increased his division by some other corps that joined him, Riego formed a junction with Quiroga in the Isle of Leon, upon which, they immediately attempted to carry the Cortadura, so as to open the way to Cadiz, the grand focus of constitutional enthusiasm. But General Campana, who commanded there, anticipated the attack, by sending reinforcements to defend that point; taking various other steps to counteract the efforts which the patriots of Cadiz had projected in favour of their friends. This did not prevent the constitutionalists from making several attacks on the Cortadura, but these were ineffectual. The failure, was, however, in some degree compensated by the capture of La Caraca, the naval arsenal, an event, which did not a

little contribute to re-animate that portion of the patriot army, whose zeal may have been somewhat damped by these early reverses.

Meantime, the rest of the troops, of whose rising the chiefs of San Fernando expected to hear every hour, remained immoveable. Whether it arose from their remoteness, or those other motives, which have such an influence on the human mind, the corps that had not actually promised to act, showed no signs of coming over. The royalist chief, Freyre, on the other hand, had collected an army of 15,000 men to oppose the patriots, while insidious proclamations were issued from Cadiz; in these addresses, pardons were offered to those who would abandon the standard of independence, and the patriots themselves styled rebels.

The month of January had passed, without the insurrections having made any progress; as yet, they had only been employed in comparatively trifling efforts. If during a struggle for freedom the imagination is not always occupied, or time is given to reflect, enthusiasm dies, and the love of life re-assumes its empire. A conviction of this important truth, determined the leaders, who found themselves shut up in La Isla with only five thousand men, to send forth an expedition, which should foment the spirit of liberty amongst the people, and decide the adhesion of three battalions, which seemed for some time anxious to embrace the common cause. A flying column

of fifteen hundred men, was therefore detached from the little army of La Isla, and the command given to Riego. The rest of the troops remained to repel any attacks which might be made during his absence.

It was on the 27th of January, that the column, since rendered immortal by its heroism and sufferings, marches and counter-marches, but still more, by the manner in which it opposed a force, often triple its number, departed from San Fernando. What with frequently attacking his opponents, fighting as he marched, and occasionally outstripping the enemy by the rapidity of his movements, Riego traversed an immense tract of country, keeping the field until the 11th of March. Despairing of the expected succours, and reduced to a very small number, as well as in the means of prosecuting his march; abandoned, too, by many of the officers who gave way to their fears, the hero at length determined to dissolve the column, and regain San Fernando or Corunna, where the Constitution had just been proclaimed. The moment of dispersion was deeply affecting; those brave men who had faced and surmounted so many difficulties embraced their general with tears, lamenting the fate which rendered their temporary separation necessary.

Although the flying column was dismembered without being actually vanquished, the object for which it had been formed was achieved, since in

prolonging the insurrection for above six weeks, the people had time to awake from their stupor, while the troops stationed at other points of the Peninsula, were thus inspired with that courage which eventually induced them to follow the example shown at San Fernando. Galicia, calling to mind its former glories, declared itself on the 21st of February, the Constitution was proclaimed at Corunna on the 2nd of March, and not many days after, both in Asturias and Aragon. Thus it was that Riego, who had been branded as a traitor in the proclamations published two months before, was now hailed by all Spain as the founder of its liberties!

LETTER VIII.

Madrid, July 5th, 1821.

I HAVE been for the last two days in search of the patriotic hymns set for the Piano Forte, and which are continually heard in the private parties, theatres and even streets of Madrid. I am anxious to present them to your sister, lady Charlotte, whose soul of fire could alone give to those beautiful effusions, all that expression which render them so truely admirable. One of these hymns, composed at Malaga, is absolutely sublime. The following is one of its stanzas.—

¿ Qué es la Francia en cotejo de España?
¿ Las naciones del norte ¿ qué son ¿
¿ Qué la Italia so el yugo del Austria ¿
¿ Lusitania so el yugo Breton ¿
El que quiera ser libre que aprenda:
En España hay un pueblo y un rey,
El primero dictando las leyes,
El segundo sujeto á la ley!

Thus imitated :—

No more the Northern lands invoke!
For what is France compared to Spain;
Italia 'neath the Austrian's yoke,
Or Portugal 'neath British rein?
But let the friends of freedom's cause,
To Spain their vows admiring bring;
Where a proud people frame their laws,
And where the laws control their king!

The Peninsula has resounded with patriotic songs during the whole of last year; this is but a just compensation for the uninterrupted silence of three centuries, except by the most sombre psalmody. It would appear that the soldiery forget the fatigues of their marches, at the sound of these songs. The airs are executed with uncommon effect by the very fifers; but the Spaniards are said to have made use of such instruments in the days of Sertorius.

Apropos of music, you must know that Rossini is the adopted Orpheus of Spain. The inhabitants of Barcelona are quite enthusiastic in his praise; and those of Madrid still more so if possible. At London and Paris, the music of this exquisite composer has shared the fate of Beer, which only pleases after long use; but here, where people judge from sentiment, and not according to the fashion of former days, it has pleased from the first moment.

Liberty has the effect of bringing forth all the innate qualities of nations. The Spaniard already begins to assume an air of serenity and to indulge in the gaiety of his natural character. The national dances, comedies, and *Sainetes* or after pieces, respire nothing but animation and cheerfulness. Cervantes could not lose his gaiety even during the five years he was a slave at Algiers: what wonderful humour has he not displayed in his immortal romance!

When returning home at night, I have always to pass before a guard house, and generally see one or more of the soldiers seated at the door, touching their guitars, as if to make their time seem lighter to the sentinels. Having on a late occasion, asked one of these Troubadours, whether he was singing the praises of his dulcinea, he replied—"my country is my mistress, I am playing for my amusement; you seem to forget our proverb; *Quien canta sus males, espanta;* a cheerful lay drives grief away!"

I have been for some days affected with feelings and sentiments, for which I cannot in any way account. It has even become impossible to hear the music of Rossini, without becoming sorrowful, and yet I attended to witness his masterpieces, while in Italy, with comparative indifference. I was, however, last night, forced to leave the theatre before the performance of *La Gazza Ladra* had been half finished; for I could no

longer resist the oppression that came over my spirits. I suppose it was the malady of absence and exile. What a sorcery does not the sweet recollection of country exercise on us! It is a phantom which appears as often as something national calls it forth, pursuing and forsaking us, after having made our tears flow.—By way of increasing the miseries of exile to an Italian, there is scarcely an agreeable sensation that does not remind him of Italy. A bouquet of flowers, a limpid stream, statue, picture, or a beautiful woman, are all so many mementos of ill-fated Italy. But I must stop, lest this should become an elegy instead of a letter.

P. S. I have at last received a letter from my sister, via Huningen, without date or signature; written with an apparent coldness, and in a strain of tantalizing enigma. What, therefore, must be the terror spread through all the families of Lombardy by the Austrian Inquisition, since a sister cannot afford the consolations of relationship to her brother? I tremble! The newly enacted laws in Piedmont, menace fathers, wives and sisters who send any relief to relatives accused of state crimes, or who are exiled from the kingdom, with the severest penalties: yet there are thousands who labour night and day to convince us that our fellow citizens, the people, have neither

any right nor motive for demanding a reform of their government and laws!

I understand there are more than five hundred Piedmontese refugees at Barcelona, Tarragona, and Valencia. The Cortes have just decreed that a monthly stipend shall be allowed to each, to be proportioned to their rank in life, or the place they filled under the Constitutional government. The Spaniards have acted towards Italy like him who allows his friend to be knocked down without coming to his assistance, and then runs to raise him up, overpowering him with the most generous care and sympathy.

LETTER IX.

Madrid, 10th July, 1821.

YOUR own country possesses a number of *originals*, but the people of Spain are all original; they resilsible no other nation, nor is it possible to define them. The European public, fancy they can become acquainted with the Spanish character through the perusal of histories and romances: although both have given but very imperfect notions on the subject. Don Quixote and Gil Blas may be said to describe the manners and customs of the people, rather than their real character; while the history of Spain, like all other histories, pourtrays the bad passions of princes, rather than the qualities of their subjects.

Who does not expect to find hypocrisy, espionage and superstition, deep rooted amongst all classes of a people, which has been governed by priests and the Inquisition for the last three hundred years? Yet this is very far from being the case: it would be difficult if not impossible to name a country, wherein so few hypocrites are to

be found, if we except such places as the Royal Chapel, where sinners meet to beat their breasts in token of false contrition, under the very eyes of the sovereign. Even the monks have more ferocity than deception: as to spies and informers they are held in the greatest abhorrence here. The late infamous government was extremely anxious to organize a police system on the model of various others scattered about Europe, more especially that of France and Austria, but the plan could not be carried into effect, for want of instruments sufficiently base and abandoned to put it into execution.

A French novel, entitled "*Le Compère Mathieu*," represents the Spaniards as being ridiculously superstitious. This opinion is about as well founded, as would that of a reader of "Don Quixote," who supposed every body in Spain was a knight errant. Great care should always be taken to distinguish between superstition and intolerance. If the latter error, or rather crime, be laid to the charge of Spain, I am sorry I cannot defend her. There are unhappily too many witnesses to prove the fact! Moors, Jews, Americans: nay the Constitution itself, which declares Catholicism to be the *only true religion!** The legislators of

* *La unica verdadera.* However absurd and irrational this article of the political code may appear, it was considered as indispensable by the framers of the social compact, as the only

1812, were obliged to pay this humiliating tribute to universal prejudice; but with respect to superstition and bigotry, I laugh with the "*Compère Mathieu*," because he makes me do so, though I differ from him most decidedly.

There were no less than eighty churches here some years ago,* ninety at Seville, and an equal proportion in all the other large cities. There were also above three thousand convents in Spain; and yet the people are not so full of religious habits as in Italy. You do not for instance, see half so many Madonas, saints, angels and devils at every corner in the towns of Spain, as are so conspicuous at Florence, Genoa, Milan, Naples and Venice; nor so many sanctuaries, crosses, and crucifixes on all the paths and highways in Lombardy;† on Sunday the people do not go and shut themselves up in church-yards, and methodist chapels, as in England, nor do they count half so many rosaries as in Italy. Having seen the ceremony of *Corpus Domini* since my arrival at Madrid, I can assure you that the most

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means of securing the co-operation of the more ignorant portion of the community.—Ed.

* The author is considerably under the mark. There being even now, above a hundred and forty churches at Madrid.—Ed.

† He might also have added France, where this symbol has been amazingly multiplied since the return of the Bourbons and their ultra-royalist followers.—Ed.

brilliant public walk of Italy is neither so gay nor amusing. The devotion might have been inwardly felt, but it certainly did not appear on the countenances of the multitude. I should even have been almost justified in accusing the patron saint of vanity, as he was placed in the midst of an elegant parterre of flowers, ornamented with festoons of silver lace, as if the pageant had been intended for the celebration of a wedding.

When the Monks excited the people to rise against the French in 1812, by declaring them heretics, the former were abolished by the Cortes, and both them and the people were tranquil. Lately, when the Pope refused to grant Bulls to the two Bishops named by government, a statesman, who was well acquainted with his country, said: "The Court of Rome had better take care, it does not perhaps know that the people of Spain may before ten years elapse, end by shaking off the Papal yoke altogether." I again repeat that this nation is undefinable.

Who would not also imagine that after having lived under a despotic sceptre ever since the reign of Charles V. the people of Spain did not become mean, corrupt and grovelling? Such a supposition would be as incorrect as the former: the Spaniard has lived as proudly under slavery as Charles XII, at Bender, and has emerged from it more pure, than any nation of Europe. A Spaniard will bow to one who is richer than himself

from politeness, but never through a feeling of inferiority. When he goes before a person of rank you do not see him bend to the earth, nor is he either embarrassed or confused; he proceeds as every one ought who feels the dignity of his nature. While on our journey to Madrid, I observed that after saluting M. Bardaxi with the greatest ease, postmasters and alcaldes entered into familiar conversation with the minister, and even lighted their segars with that which he himself was smoking: do not however conclude from this, that it partakes of an undue relaxation of manners. The Duke de Medinaceli, though a pretender to the throne, is at this moment, Constitutional Alcalde to one of the districts of the capital, that is to say a high constable. In this office, which was conferred on his Grace by the people last year, he is as subordinate to the Municipality, as the shoemaker who happens to be placed in a similar situation.

There are many parts of the Peninsula in which the ears of a Spaniard were never struck by the sound of *your excellency*. The same difficulty of communication, that impeded the circulation of knowledge, also prevented the progress of corruption. Excepting a few grandees, scarcely any of the rich live in the villages; so that the eyes of the poor are not offended by the presence of luxury and parade: thus it is too, that the people are not accustomed to the language of arrogance and pride,

so prevalent in other countries. I once ventured to raise my voice a little above the ordinary pitch, to a postilion, who seemed to be as indifferent about the safety of my neck as his own, when his companions immediately reminded me that, "I was no longer in Italy, where the people are treated like negroes." It is needless to add, that I took the hint. A peasant who had furnished some supplies to the British army, during the late war, one day attended at the head-quarters of the English general Beresford to be paid. After having dismissed several other Portuguese claimants, this officer told the Spaniard, who came last, to withdraw, for he had not time to attend to him; scarcely had the mandate escaped his lips, when the enraged Iberian drew a poignard from under his cloak, and flew at the general, who would infallibly have perished, had it not been for the prompt interference of those present.

That prodigious difference between the higher and lower classes observable in Italy, is altogether unknown in the Spanish provinces. Here, there are no exclusive privileges for the rich and great in society. Spain has its follies like other countries. There is still a good deal of Mahometan blood to be met with, and as to *genealogical*, they are much more numerous than *fruit* trees: but you look in vain for what are called the *fashionable circle*. Thus it is that the less custom withdraws us from our natural wants, the less inequal-

ity do we find amongst mankind. The cloak, oil, segar, *siesta*, and bull feasts place all the inhabitants of Spain nearly on a level.

Those travellers, who represent a Spaniard enveloped in his cloak up to the eyes, with a frowning aspect and silent as one who meditates some act of vengeance against a rival, have formed an erroneous opinion. It is true, revenge is not only a pleasure, but also a duty, since he who suffers an affront to pass unpunished becomes himself an object of public scorn; but revenge is not that which engrosses his thoughts. When I see a Castilian wrapped up in his mantle, and standing still for several hours, without speaking or appearing to suffer the least tedium, I am rather inclined to regard him as a being who depends neither on men nor events, who though he may despise nothing, is yet indifferent to fate and a stranger to fear. Neither honorary decorations, fine uniforms, laced coats, nor powdered wigs, excite his notice or respect; woman alone is an object of curiosity and homage with a Spaniard.

We passed through four provinces with two carriages of an elegant form and almost unknown to Spain, yet I never saw a single individual deign to turn his head aside to look at us during the whole of our route. On expressing my astonishment to those around me, they merely replied, that Wellington, crowned with victory, had experienced the same fate!

Spanish pride, is neither the vanity of France, the bombast of Germany, nor the feudal ferocity of Russia. It is not exercised by one class towards another: it does not exist amongst any particular cast, but is general throughout the whole population. The Royal Family, Grandees, and Ministers are alike affable, it is the people who are proud. So that what is a vice in an individual becomes a virtue with the nation. Spaniards will not yet admit having discomfited Napoleon by the assistance of the English: they are more ready to praise the valour of their enemies than that of their allies. In 1808, Spain was nearly over-run by the French armies, Cadiz and Corunna were the only points that resisted. There were neither troops, arms nor money, when General Moore presented himself before these places, with twenty thousand men, and ten millions in specie; yet his proffered aid was rejected at both places. Where, except amongst the heroes of Ariosto, are such romantic acts to be found? The Romans boasted of selling the camp of Hannibal while he besieged the city: in 1811, when Cadiz was closely invested by a French army, the Cortes discussed and completed the constitutional code, although the enemies shells were falling at the doors of Congress!

One of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the national character of Spain, is the state of abandonment in which the past fame and glories of the nation are left. There

is not a single history, nor even any memoirs of the late war,* so prolific in great actions: people speak of it, as of a matter that is out of date; it would seem, in fact, that in the eyes of the nation at least, the traits of valour, unexampled sacrifices, and sufferings of every kind, so widely extended and patiently borne during the war of independence, were concerns of the most natural and ordinary description. Spain has required no other recompence, nor given itself any title but that of *heroic*. This appellation is perhaps somewhat gigantic, but it offends no one; on the contrary, when France styled itself *la grande nation*, it wounded the self-love of all others, which, by a parity of reasoning, then became petty states.

After the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon considered the English nation as the most generous; he deceived himself, and found chains where he expected hospitality. If the people of Spain had been free in 1815, they would not have outraged and sacrificed the modern Themistocles who solocited an asylum on their shores: do not remind me of the detention experienced by Francis I., in

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* It can hardly be wondered at, that the author did not see the memoirs of the late war, by SALMON, of which four small volumes were published at Madrid, in 1812, containing a mere dry detail of facts, without having any claims to the dignity of history.—ED.

a tower of Madrid for nearly two years; it was the effect of a base vengeance on the part of an Austrian, Charles V., who, like the princes of Barbary, ill-treated his prisoner, in order to obtain a larger ransom. Scarcely had Napoleon been overthrown, when the hatred of the Spaniards ceased. The late Emperor is only spoken of here, as the greatest man who has appeared since the time of Julius Cæsar. Not the smallest insult was pronounced on his tomb; so far from it, his eulogium was heard without a single dissentient voice; while the journals of Madrid spoke of this immortal man, with the same impartiality that history will judge him.*

The character of the Spanish people was obscured and disfigured by the rust of despotism; and like an old picture covered with dust, it requires much rubbing to bring out the brilliancy of its colours; this work will be accomplished by liberty. Even now, Europe has no longer the

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* No people of Europe, not even those who had been so often vanquished and humiliated by Napoleon, had a greater dislike to the Conqueror while he reigned, than the people of Spain. Yet is it a positive fact, that his death has not produced a more painful sensation any where, than throughout the Peninsula. It was impossible for the people of this country to witness the rights of hospitality and laws of nations violated in his person, with indifference; much less see a great man, abandoned by the whole universe, suffered to perish on a rock, after having filled the world with his fame.

same opinion she formerly entertained of the Peninsula, and from satire has passed to admiration.

Why, I would ask, cannot the people of Spain, who are so attached to freedom, preserve that which they have recently conquered: since they could, during three centuries, bear up against an unexampled despotism, with a degree of patience and constancy that has no precedent? Why cannot such a people support the blessings of liberty? I trust and hope this country may remain free, if not through its virtues, at least by its character. This singular people may be compared to a bonze, which having once assumed an attitude, preserves it during the rest of his life. Perhaps you imagine that it was through corruption or debasement, the Spaniard bore his slavery so long? By no means, it has been tolerated, not through vice, but from a principle of virtue. I will explain myself: the same firmness which enabled him to sustain hunger, thirst, and every other privation, whether in the wars of Europe, or wilds of America, has also induced him to tolerate the caprice of Kings and the atrocities of Inquisitors; and finally, since nothing has been done for the last twenty years to eradicate the plague, why should they think of destroying the Constitution?

P. S. You tell me that Roscoe, the historian of the Medici family, is occupied in writing a

book against Sismondi, and in defence of the former. Bravo! It is not enough that the British Cabinet should protect the living oppressors of Italian liberty, but the literati of that nation must write panegyrics on her former tyrants! Will the libraries, statues, pictures and public edifices of the Medici, ever compensate the Tuscans, for the liberty which was torn from them by this hypocritical family? Are not the tactics of despotism sufficiently notorious? From Pericles down to the present day, have not despots made use of the fine arts and splendid monuments to amuse the people, as play-things are given to children?

LETTER X.

Madrid, July 25th, 1821.

I PERCEIVE by your last letter, that you are not satisfied as to the solidity of the constitutional edifice in Spain. The national character which I lately sketched, does not afford sufficient data, and is too philosophic; hence your wish to know whether there are no other pillars to support the structure, because, we ought not to calculate too much on the disposition of a people, nor that of an individual. Gil Blas, as you very justly observe, was born to be an honest member of society, and ended by becoming a highwayman.

Since, however, you prefer demonstrations to conjecture, I will proceed to speak arithmetically, in the following *debtor* and *creditor* statement of the Spanish constitution.

Auxiliary Aids of the Constitution.

1st. The standing, now the national army, and that which effected the revolution. The fear

of ignominy and public opinion ; its interest in a system of equality and impartiality in the promotions : above all, the love of glory and wish to identify the regular army and political code.

2nd. The national militia ; distinguished by the title of active and local : the former, are well dressed, disciplined and armed ; they superintend the internal tranquillity of the communes. There are at Barcelona alone, six thousand men of this description, which would bear an advantageous comparison with the best regiments of the line. The active militia is a very old institution in several of the provinces, which has been improved and extended to all the rest since the establishment of the constitutional system ; when completely organized, it will amount to eighty-seven thousand men.

3rd. Secret societies, thus called, though they are only so by name : these are powerful by their number, activity and vigilance ; patriotic Juntas, which are established in all the large towns. Lastly, all the enlightened portion of the community, who were, and would again become, objects of persecution to despotism and the Inquisition, if a re-action took place.

4th. The creditors of the state, who calculate on being reimbursed by the sale of the national domains, church property and inscriptions on the great book, as it is called. The public debt of Spain does not exceed one hundred and fifty mil-

lions sterling; while it is calculated that there is capital to treble that amount, to cover it, between the church property already appropriated and that which is still to be made available to the wants of the nation. To the above may be added, the purchasers of national property; and commercial men of every class, who feel they can only prosper under laws which shall afford protection to their persons and property.

5th. All those to whom the country is dear, and who so bitterly deplored the degradation of the monarchy under the late destructive system. Every one who foresees centuries of riches and prosperi y, if Spain will but patiently wait the effects of the new institutions.

6th. The great mass of the peasantry, which is already relieved from half the weight of tythes as it will doubtless be so ere long, from the feudal imposts paid to the grandees.*

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* The author has been misinformed, there are no feudal rights left in Spain: those to which he doubtless allades, are certain charges which the public still pay to the grandees, and of which the origin is buried in obscurity. The latter pretend that these tributes originated in purchases and loans at interest, while the former maintain they spring from concessions and feudal privileges arbitrarily exacted: these imposts only exist in some of the provinces.

The last Cortes prepared and discussed a law on this subject, but it did not receive the royal sanction. By the terms of this decree, all those who insisted on the payment of such imposts,

7th. The younger sons of noblemen and others, who, by the extinction of the laws on primogeniture, regain their natural rights.

8th. Though last not least; the spirit of the age, which has an inevitable tendency towards freedom.

Forces operating against the Constitution.

1st. The drones of the Court; all those who are accustomed to live by favours and gifts. The majority of the nobles who enjoy privileges and distinctions. It is, however, but justice to add, that up to the present moment, the nobility have tranquilly borne the sacrifices required by their country.

2nd. The elder sons of those families in which there were large entails, (their number is very small). Those proprietors to whose prejudice the feudal rights and privileges will be abolished, are powerful though not numerous.

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were required to produce their original titles of acquisition; but as during the various wars to which Spain has been exposed, a great number of Archives have become a prey to the flames and other accidents, it would have been impossible for the grandees to produce such documents and proofs as were called for, the law would have been very prejudicial to many proprietors.

In order to conciliate the interests of the people with that justice and respect which is due to property, M. Garelli, the new minister of justice, has presented the draft of another law to the Cortes.

3rd. Archbishops, bishops, chapters, canons, &c. who lose their enormous revenues and fat livings. There were two thousand of the latter, many of whom enjoyed prebendaries to the amount of £10,000 per annum. The numerous troops of monks who have lost the fruits of their benefices, and their influence on society. The clergy of Spain, secular and regular, does not, however, exceed, 80,000 individuals.*

4th. Nearly all the old generals, and to whom the nation in a great measure owes its independence. How is it possible for the victors of Baylen and San Marcial patiently to suffer their names to be forgotten for those of the heroes of Las Cabezas and San Fernando.†

5th. Old habits of slavery, and the idolatry of the throne.‡

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* This number is considerably under-rated, with the exception of the bishops and a few monks, it may be said that the Spanish clergy is satisfied with the new order of things, since it facilitates their secularization, and permits them to leave their cloisters, which they very generally detest.

† The general officers here alluded to, form but a very small number, and are not all enemies to the constitutional system, which has in no respect, clashed either with their self-love or personal interest. Nearly all those who have contributed to the establishment of the Constitution fought at the battles of Baylen and San Marcial.

‡ The habits of slavery are neither so great or inveterate in Spain, as most people suppose. Besides those provinces that have

6th. The new duties of registry and patents, which oppose sellers, buyers and artisans.

7th. I leave you to divine what is the seventh counteracting power, for I will have no dispute with any thing that emanates from the divinity.

From the above picture, you will perceive that the numerical force, that which is armed, and the moral power of the nation, defend the new code. It can therefore only die through suicide.

I shall quit politics for a moment, to inform you that the heat is insupportable. The thermometer has been at above ninety degrees of Farenheit for more than a week. During the day time, all the houses of Madrid continue in the greatest obscurity; and the shops are shut from two till four, as these are the hours in which every body indulges in the *siesta*, an operation so simultaneous, that it resembles a military evolution.

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always enjoyed a certain degree of liberty, more especially Navarre, Biscay, and the Asturias, the natural pride of Spaniards and their love of independence, have preserved a firmness of character which would never suffer them to humiliate or debase themselves. The respect for the throne has never degenerated into idolatry: it must also be allowed that anarchy has more frequently dominated in Spain than despotism: nothing is more common than to hear a Spaniard of the lowest class exclaim, "*Yo soy tan bueno como el Rey*;" "I am as good as the King!" "*Yo no valgo menos que el Rey.*"

The inhabitants of Andalusia contrive to kill time somewhat better than their neighbours; the Moors, the former masters of that province, having been for many centuries obliged to carry on a defensive war against the sun, constructed porticoes all round the internal square or court yard of their houses, in the midst of which are seen fountains: an awning shields the whole of the court from its rays, while the water is thrown up to a considerable height, thus refreshing and purifying the air. It is under these porticoes, and in the midst of vases filled with orange trees and flowers, that the Andalusians pass their hours during the intense heat of summer. It is also in these bowers that the tall and slender *gaditanas* exercise the magic of their killing eyes and graceful forms, embellished by a much softer and more agreeable pronunciation than that of the Castilian fair. Lord Byron did not exaggerate when he compared Andalusia to a harem.

LETTER XI.

Madrid, July 30, 1821.

I TOTALLY forgot in my last letter to point out another very powerful support of the new code. You must know that in Spain, all the pretty women are constitutionalists. If, for example, yourself and your three sisters, were walking on the Prado, the crowd would immediately exclaim, "there goes a family of liberals!" Because here, youth and beauty are the surest signs of liberalism. Last year when Riego made his triumphant entry into Madrid, the most beautiful women of Spain smiled upon him, while the fairest hands threw flowers into the vehicle which bore him through the streets. All the remarkable days of Spanish liberty are celebrated by dances; women are the first to applaud those passages in plays, which are favourable to freedom, some of them even address the editors of newspapers in praise of the goddess. Many celebrated Amazons of Spanish freedom are to be found at Cadiz and

Valencia: but the most interesting of all, is a young female, to whom I had the satisfaction of being introduced some days after my arrival at Madrid. You will now be able to judge whether I know how to select a fine picture in the living gallery of Spain. Her head partakes of that charming *contour* which foreigners are never tired of admiring in most of the Spanish women; though somewhat fiery, there is yet an ineffable expression of suavity in her large blue eyes: her cheeks bear those tints which excited the fears of Cæsar on the part of Brutus and Cassius, rather than the carnation that bespeaks a heart at ease; it cannot be said she is as beautiful as one of Morillo's virgins, but she possesses that which painters find most difficult to pourtray—expression. One day she is gay and animated as a bacchante, and on the next, sorrowful as a Madonna. Her feet, person and gait are those of a Terpsichore; with her, nothing is studied, all is natural. Her dress is composed of black silk, trimmed with a long fringe of the same material, and reaching down to an instep of the most perfect symmetry. A rose placed in the midst of her ebon tresses, forms a delightful contrast to their glossy hues; these and a white embroidered veil thrown over her shoulders, and reaching nearly to the ground, is her invariable costume, for it is national. She never appears in public, except accompanied by some officer who

has deserved well of his country: when at home, she resembles Armida in the camp of Godfrey, surrounded by adoring warriors. She surpasses every other Spanish beauty in the eloquence of the fan, expressing in its varied movements, resentment, forgiveness, indifference, affection, and all the sentiments of the mind. In days of calmness and tranquillity, she touches her piano; when the nation is agitated, recourse is had to the harp, which by her manner of striking its cords, would appease the most irritated combatants: if liberty be menaced, she seizes her lute and makes the house resound with Riego's hymn.

This wonderful girl, is no less attached to liberty than she is to the object of her affections. Her heart was given to a young officer who was last year one of the first to raise the cry of Spanish regeneration. Figure to yourself, what must have been her sufferings during the three months he was fighting for freedom in the midst of so many perils!

The day in which Riego entered Madrid, and just as he alighted from his carriage, a young and beautiful female was seen making her way through the crowd which surrounded the patriot chief: on reaching the spot, she took his arm, and would not give it up till he retired from public view. This was the modern Armida; she could not be prevailed on to leave the hero who had encoun-

tered the same dangers as her lover! How easy would it have been for Madame de Staël to convert this real heroine into the Corinna of Spain!

Radice,* has this moment entered my room, and produced a list of condemned Piedmontese patriots as long as a piece of cambric, in which himself and about thirty more, are said to have been hung a fortnight ago at Turin. Thanks to the metempsychosis, these pretended sufferers have all resuscitated, either in Switzerland or Spain. Be this as it may, the odds are most unequal. In order to punish the errors of Princes, the people content themselves with offering a constitution, as a kind of Jubilee to their sins. Princes on the other hand, are revenged by trampling on their subjects.

Will a constitution be always the sign of a general absolution? —— Time, a better oracle than I am, will answer this question. Meanwhile, I can assure you Radice is safe and sound at Madrid; he intends moreover to preserve the sentence as a precious title deed, that will one day insure him the thanks of his country.

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* This brave and amiable young officer, is amongst those Piedmontese patriots condemned to death since the accession of Charles Felix. He is like the rest of his countrymen suffering all the evils which follow in the train of proscription and exile.—Ed.

LETTER XII.

Madrid, August 5th, 1821.

You wish to know the general who is likely to command the Spanish army, if this country is menaced by its enemies? I can safely reply they do not any longer stand in need of the great Wellington, they possess one still more phlegmatic and redoubtable. The general to whom I allude, fought through all the campaigns during the war of independence, is still in the vigour of manhood, and known to every Spaniard, for he is in the mouths of all. But it is time to mention his name: he is called General *No Importa!* It is an incontestible fact that these two words, emblematical of the most obstinate courage, performed prodigies in the course of the late struggle, if they were not these which vanquished the legions of Napoleon. On hearing of defeat after defeat, the invariable answer of government was, *No Importa, No Reinara en España, Jose Napoleon.* No matter, Joseph Napoleon shall not rule in Spain.

When routed, soldiers and generals fled, and united at some other point to be again beaten and again encouraged with the official reply of *No Importa*. Of what importance in fact, could the loss of a battle or fortress be, where the people had sworn to bury themselves under the ruins of their country rather than submit to a foreign yoke? The object of the Spaniards was not glory, but independence: and this was to be more easily attained by constancy than valour. Had they only fought for honour, the war would have terminated with the battle of Tudela. Honour is of such a mysterious and inexplicable nature, that on receiving the least check, it often loses the power of action; this is so true, that the man who looks to the end instead of glory has always an advantage over his rival or opponent. It was thus, that both Charles V. without the bravery of Francis I. and Peter the Great, without being so great a general as Charles XII. of Sweden, ended by being victorious. The Spanish army, also imbued with the prejudices so generally entertained with regard to honour, at first conceived that all was lost because it happened to be beaten. Government had great difficulty in destroying this fatal prepossession, and only succeeded in doing so, by creating the Guerillas, who had no other ambition than of discomfiting the enemy, not by a few partial advantages, but at the termination of the war. With these views, if beaten and dispersed, they lost no time

in re-uniting to renew the contest; when inferior in number they fled: if advantageously posted they held out, and when strongest, lost no time in attacking. The troops of the line, animated by this example, were at length convinced that the best player is him who gains in the end.

The above tact, or rather philosophy, is perhaps applicable to the fate of Italy. What if she has yielded to an auxiliary and preponderating force; and through unheard of treasons! She has now passed under the miserable and iron sway of Austria, but with the firm determination to raise the standard of independence on a future day. My unhappy country ought to act like a wounded combatant, who only waits the cure of his wounds to return to the charge.

LETTER XIII.

Madrid, August 10th, 1821.

La Bella Sfortunata, and under which you so aptly designate Italy, is more wretched than ever. Every day adds to the number of exiles, transportations, plunder of property under the title of confiscations, and sentences of death. The Italian courier who brings the mail to Spain is styled the messenger of Avernus, because he brings little more than lists of persons who have been juridically assassinated. I would have defied Shakespeare himself, to conceive a more atrocious tragedy than that which is now representing in Italy. To complete the barbarous absurdity, and at the same time amuse the spectators, by something burlesque, all that they require is, a bull of excommunication from the Pope.

In order to dissipate the impression which the above intelligence produced on my spirits this morning, I determined to visit the booksellers of Madrid, in whose shops Spanish sobriety is also observable. After much research, I at last found

Walter Scott, the object of your predilection, in the shop of a Frenchman established here. I do not know whether this writer has yet found his way to Spanish readers; but I should think not. The Spaniards are completely cured of the mania of romance reading; with them, the day for idyls and sonnets has gone by; so that their troubadours are now converted into journalists.

Though I also looked for Byron with as much zeal and avidity, as an Inquisitor would some years ago have sought to discover the *Social Contract* of Rousseau, I have never been able to find any of his works; I am however told, a complete edition may be shortly expected. I am impatient to read the prophecy of Dante and Marino Faliero; I hope his Lordship's magnanimous bile has not forgotten the Austrian government. It has indeed, however, a powerful enemy in this great poet, and yet it has not ventured to disturb the tranquillity he continues to enjoy at Ravenna. A simple citizen of England insults the Atlas of despotism with impunity! Is not the courage which Byron now displays in Italy more to be applauded than that of Lord Exmouth before Algiers?

Schiller and Byron are the two bards of liberty, whose verses are not yet known here. Alfieri was more fortunate; his tragedies are read and understood throughout Spain: a few, such as Virginia, Brutus, and Philip, have been translated. The last named has been performed here two or three times

during the present week; the actors were not applauded because they did not deserve it, but ample justice was done to the author, by the flattering testimonies of the audience, many of which I myself heard. Rossini, with his brilliant musical compositions, and Alfieri, by his splendid tragedies, serve to draw still closer those ties which should bind Italy and Spain together.

I have visited the public, or national library, close to the Hall of Cortes; the warders and servants are more numerous than readers.* Like the *Afrancesados*, the philosophers of the eighteenth century have only been amnestied by halves, and are therefore as yet far from enjoying all their rights. Voltaire still inhabits a cave underground, enclosed by two iron doors, like the dens of wild animals. On asking for Robertson's Charles V., I was told that this heretical writer had never been admitted into the library, though a great heretical general had been allowed to re-establish the Grand Inquisitor.

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* I have reason to think the above is a somewhat hasty conclusion; it is true, the present state of Spain affords but very little time to those who might wish to profit by the national library; but it is impossible to visit Madrid and the other large towns of Spain, without being forcibly struck by the spirit of inquiry that has sprung up; and above all, the activity of booksellers. It is even probable that if the author was called upon to revise his tour, the population of the capital would be introduced as showing a very great disposition to profit by this establishment, which bids fair to be one of the finest in Europe.—Ed.

If you could see the booksellers' shops of Madrid, and more especially the private houses, you would never be induced to attribute the enthusiasm of liberty to an over fondness for reading. It is, however, much better that a love of freedom should be a natural sentiment, as it is in Spain, for it is then sure to be more resolute and solid. A man of letters one day observed to me, that he thought the priests would never dare impute the propagation of liberal ideas to the philosophers of Spain, which she did not possess.* In my opinion, either too much injury or too much honour has been done to writers of this class in attributing revolutions to them. In Spain, where nothing could or has been read for above three centuries, can it be said that books brought about the revolution of 1812? Was it books or the good sense of the people, that established liberty at Rome and Athens? Was it philosophy or tyranny that excited the people to raise the statue of liberty in the early republics of Italy, Switzerland and Holland? Was it not the injustice and impolicy of the English minister rather than dangerous doc-

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* Notwithstanding the opinion of the priest above cited, few countries can boast so bright a galaxy of native philosophers. The best answer that could be given to such an assertion, is to repeat the names of Feijoo, Mayens, Isla, Campomanes, Jovellanos, and many others.—Ed.

trines and books that led to the resistance of the North American colonies, where, as Franklin tells us, there were not two printing offices nor a single newspaper? I even think, and perhaps with reason, that the French revolution was not brought about by the books of the eighteenth century. Without the depravity of the Court, and oppression of the people, the philosophical theories of France would have run the risk of continuing as such to this hour.

You ask if people read in Spain? Yes, daily and with great attention: but never to the prejudice of the siesta and segar, which is eternally burning in the mouths of Spaniards. You will also ask what do they read? The newspapers, because these discuss the interests of the nation with the greatest freedom. You are awakened at day-break, not by the notes of the nightingale, but by the hoarse and shrilly cries of all the blind of both sexes, who possess the exclusive right, founded on universal custom, of selling all the newspapers of Madrid. Towards six o'clock, the hour at which I generally take my morning walk, all the waiters of the *Cruz de Malta*, where I now reside, are collected round Julian, whose lungs are somewhat more indefatigable than those of his fellow servants, to hear him go through every journal that is published here. On my return to the hotel, Julian, whose mind is as sound as his lungs, points out the articles most worthy of being read: as I have never found that

he formed an erroneous opinion, he has become quite an oracle with me, and thus saves me a great deal of unnecessary reading.

The coffee-houses, door-ways, staircases, shops, and *Puerto del Sol* are filled with readers every day till noon. Here, you see an officer of La Isla, with his cocked hat placed cross-ways, curled mustachios, and sabre hanging from his side, grinding his teeth at the *Imparcial.** There, is seen a man turned of fifty, powdered and pomatumed, who throws aside the *Echo de Padilla*,† as a phrenzied production: farther on, an orator of the *Fontana de Oro*, is refuting *El Universal*,‡ the daily trumpeter of the minister. From twelve till two, most of the readers of newspapers digest what they have been perusing in the *Puerto del Sol*. This spot is so called, from having formerly been the site of one of the city gates; it has become very celebrated since the memorable 2nd of May, 1808, the era of national Independence. Idlers are to be found in this Madrid forum at all hours of the day.

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* This journal espoused the cause of the first constitutional ministry and joined in the outcry against Riego.—Ed.

† The Echo de Padilla was admirably conducted by M. de Mora at this period, but has since ceased.—Ed.

‡ This newspaper is said to have been especially patronised by the men of 1812. If so, its conductors only laboured in their vocation when they paid a blind deference to the caprice and folly of their patrons.—Ed.

It is eight o'clock, and I must hasten to the theatre, to witness the performance of a new tragedy, entitled *Los Comuneros*. The subject of this drama is taken from the destruction of the Comuneros, which took place in 1520. Juan de Padilla is introduced as being elected to the chief command by several cities and towns, after which, he continues to fight bravely, but without success, to establish the rights of the people, against the usurpations of Charles V. Although the piece is not considered as possessing much merit, it excites applause from the analogy between the former and present epoch; at all events, there is no doubt but that the party which has now established itself in the Peninsula, with the same title and similar views, will often flock to see this tragedy. I am invited to take a seat in Armida's box. The agitation she experienced, at the thought of seeing the Comuneros performed, gave a colour to her cheeks much more beautiful than the rose which ornaments her tresses.

LETTER XIV.

Madrid, August 16th, 1821.

Spain does not yet perceive, that, in abandoning the Neapolitans to their fate last year, she renounced the most glorious supremacy. By a different policy, she would have become the protecting Minerva of liberal constitutions throughout Europe : her moral influence would have been so great, that no one would have any longer dreamed of estimating her power by statistical rules, any more than the genius of man is measured by his physical powers. Now, on the contrary, this influence can only be calculated in the European balance, by length and breadth of territory ; and she certainly loses greatly by this species of estimate, for notwithstanding her immense extent, there is no proportion between that and her intrinsic importance.

According to the division of population adopted to regulate the recruiting of the national army and militia, the whole number does not exceed eleven millions ; but the commission appointed by

the Cortes to establish a new territorial division, states the population of Spain at twelve millions of souls.

The permanent army has been fixed at sixty-six thousand men, and the active militia, which forms part of the army in time of war, at eighty-seven thousand.

The idea of keeping the regular army below the militia, is a most wise precaution, imitated from the English and Americans.* It is highly proper that the nation should possess a larger force for defence than attack, in case of treachery or weakness on the part of the executive. But from the situation of Europe, and the state of war or enmity in which Spain is placed with regard to the triumvirate of the north, by its new social compact, ought not the Cortes to suspend the above law for at least four years? Is there not imprudence in laying down their arms, while despotism is armed from head to foot? Would it not be to accord a confidence worthy of the heroism which the army has shown in the regeneration of their country, were the congress to augment the army to a hundred and fifty thousand men? Lafitte

* It is deeply to be lamented that this comparison only applies to one of the countries mentioned. But the friends of England's freedom and prosperity at length begin to hope that the time is not far distant, when the policy of our ancestors will be restored in this respect as well as many others.—Ed.

and Rothschild would have smoothened every difficulty, since the bankers of the present day lend their money to all governments, as the Swiss used to sell their soldiers to the highest bidders.* Scarcely had Bardaxi entered the ministry, than he made the proposition, but want of confidence in the executive, national vanity, and a persuasion that they are invincible, would not allow the Cortes to adopt his proposal, which if carried, must have proved to be the firmest support of European emancipation.

The local militia increases daily; these citizen soldiers inspire confidence, and maintain good

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* The French editor of Count Pecchio's letters, says that he forms an erroneous judgment of M. Lafitte: adding that this *Millionnaire*, will only lend his money to those who can give guarantees, that is to say, constitutional governments. I feel happy in this opportunity of expressing my conviction as to the correctness of the above opinion, nor can I omit availing myself of the occasion to compliment the Parisian banker on his patriotism generally; not satisfied with his persevering and eloquent exertions in the chamber of deputies, where he invariably co-operates with the Lafayettes, Constants, Manuels, Foys, D'Argensons and Royer-Collards, of the French Senate, he is known to be a liberal patron of merit wherever it is found; and to his honour be it spoken, the purse of M. Lafitte has ever been opened to the persecuted friends of liberty. When this patriot banker reflects that statues may one day be raised to his fame, the stale charge of being a promoter of revolution, ought to sit very lightly on his head.—Ed.

order wherever they appear, so that this force is universally popular. What an admirable gift did not Mirabeau make to the French people in suggesting the national guards! Liberty was extremely ephemeral, without the intervention of this Ægis.*

The annual revenue of Spain does not amount to nine millions sterling. A country that had so long been regarded as the kingdom of Crœsus, and which the imagination presented to itself as paved with gold and silver, has become, almost without being aware of it, one general scene of penury! Whilst alchymists were studying the means of turning paper into gold, Spain has found out the secret of converting gold into paper! The large doubloons which continue to be struck off, seem like the arms which remind one of the former opulence of Spain. This is perhaps the only real proof of ostentation with which the nation

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* This observation only applies to the national guards formed at the period when the eloquence of its immortal founder tended so materially to keep the flame of liberty alive during the first stages of the revolution. As if the return of the old dynasty was destined to strike at the root of freedom in all its branches, the great majority of the national guard of France is now composed of men who are much more ready to oppress their fellow citizens than aid in their emancipation. It is, however, gratifying to reflect that whenever the standard of freedom is raised, the shopkeepers and petit-maitres who compose this mongrel force will be put to flight by a mere sight of the patriot banners.—Ed.

can be reproached. The amount of the Spanish budget must excite a smile to those who are accustomed to see that of England. Here it requires all the efforts of government to make it enter the treasury.

Such are the remains of Charles V.'s monarchy; of a giant, the miracles of an Inquisition, and the blessed effects of despotism! The Spanish system of government, has for the last three hundred years been infinitely worse than that of Turkey. In order that it might not be inferior in any respect to the latter, Spain has been inoculated with the plague, nor has a single effort been made to eradicate that scourge. Indolence, apathy, and weakness, have reduced the nation to such a pitch of dilapidation and decay, that it could not possibly be in a more wretched plight.

A crisis was therefore inevitable: a revolution could not fail to be salutary. The national regeneration takes its date from 1820: this term could not be applied with more justice to any nation of Europe, than to Spain; for the Constitution has in fact, drawn her almost lifeless from a heap of ruins that had been accumulating ever since the reign of Charles V. To form an idea of the indolent character of the late government, it is merely necessary to glance at the space in front of the royal palace; which resembles a spot that had been torn up by an earthquake or some other violent explosion. In looking out of his windows, the King of Spain

sees nothing but ruins on one side, and sterile deserts on the other. If endowed with an active and vivid imagination, he would often tremble and think himself transferred to the inhospitable wilds of Siberia.*

Spain having reached the perigeum of decadence, she has necessarily begun to run the period of her prosperity. I have stated the *minimum* of its power, but it would not be so easy to calculate the maximum of that force to which she could attain under the impulsion of an energetic and liberal government. Her population might be easily doubled; her natural productions might be tripled, and her revenue augmented in proportion. Russia, Turkey and Austria, are the three powers of Europe, which can most easily increase their population and territorial riches, without having recourse to conquest. Yet Spain enjoys infinite advantages over all of these countries, both by the superiority of her climate, and the operation of a constitutional government. I am even of opinion, that under the new system, the progress of Spain towards prosperity of every kind will be more rapid than that of the United States.

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* Although there is much truth in this remark, yet is there a considerable degree of splendour and magnificence in the view, as seen from the royal palace at Madrid. The building itself is, even in the present unfinished state, almost unequalled by any other edifice of a similar description in Europe.—Ed.

To obtain this prodigy, Spain does not require a *genius*:* she ought not therefore to be discouraged, if this genius is wanted. Public felicity would march alone in Europe, if left unshackled and to its own movements; but in the present state of things, it is like a machine encumbered with a thousand checks. Let those only be removed and the machine will work of its own accord.

There is no necessity for either guide or impulsion to promote the prosperity of Spain; the Cortes have only to enact a few laws that shall remove the obstacles opposed to commercial intercourse throughout the monarchy. Jovellanos and Cabarrus, in the various works which they wrote for the improvement of the kingdom, merely recommended the removal of these impediments, physical and moral, that opposed the developement of the national wealth in their day. What in fact are the laws promulgated by Cortes, relative to church property, and reducing the monkish orders—if not the eradication of these obstacles. If the happiness of nations depended

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* This alludes to a remark which has been made in the Peninsula, that the revolution had not produced any of those great characters who have sprung up in other countries to give an extraordinary impulse to national energies. It is perhaps fortunate for Spain, that her greatest heroes, both civil and military, are those who feel most warmly attached to the Constitutional system. Ed.

on the number of its laws, could not Spain boast of possessing above thirty-six thousand previous to the establishment of the new code?

There is more need of roads and canals in this country, than of laws. The transport of merchandize is always expensive and often impossible. There used to be more facility of communication between Spain and South America, than there is between many of the provinces here at this moment. There was also a time, when notwithstanding the excessive heat of Madrid, its supply of eggs came from France; and it was much easier to get a bill of exchange on London or Paris, than Corunna or Valladolid! Even now the inhabitants of Andalusia consume the wheat of Odessa, whilst the harvest of several seasons is rotting in the Castiles. The more capital government employs to open new channels of communication, and facilitate the transport of goods, the more rapidly will agriculture and commerce advance. Whatever interest Spain pays for a loan destined to promote these objects, will be repaid a hundred fold. Napoleon would have rendered Spain more productive than France itself in less than twenty years.

LETTER XV.

Madrid, August 22d, 1821.

I PASSED the whole of yesterday evening at the *Fontana de Oro ;* do not be alarmed at the sound, amiable lady, nor believe that the above place of resort is a Pandemonium such as that described by your Milton ; neither the blood of Kings nor ministers are drank at this assemblage. I will endeavour to make you somewhat better acquainted with the said Fontana de Oro, and which so many represent as a monster more horrible than that of the Apocalypse.

The place known by the name of Fontana de Oro, is nothing more than a large room on the ground floor, capable of containing nearly a thousand persons. In the midst of this saloon are placed two pulpits, whence the tribunes address the sovereign people. The sovereign wears neither diadem nor mantle, he generally appears in a plain coat ; instead of a sceptre, he carries a stick, no less respectable, upon which he leans for support.

The orators give their names in to the political

chief, in the morning of the day in which they are to speak, thus securing their responsibility. The debates begin at nine o'clock, and in two hours after, a bell which is heard through the hall, puts an end to the speaking and dismisses the auditory.

Last night's meeting was likely to be very stormy, as Morillo, who was falsely informed that the people intended to assail a military guard, mounted his horse, and followed by an orderly, rushed into the crowd, which he treated with great violence, trampling those who came in his way under foot, and threatening others with his sabre. The sovereign people, who have also the same rights to inviolability as other sovereigns, demanded the punishment of this act of less majesty.

The first orator who mounted the tribune, after having pathetically recapitulated what every one present already knew, decided that Morillo should be punished at once, by the hands of the people whom he had offended. This imprudent Demosthenes, was a very young man, who did not evidently foresee what would be the probable effects of the instrument which he wished to see used, yet several voices were instantly heard calling for the head of Morillo. But another speaker, Nuñez, took possession of the rostrum, and exclaimed that crimes ought not to be expiated by crimes; that in such an affair as this, they could not be at the same time, prosecutor, judge and jury. The sove-

reign people, which also occasionally falls into the error of not liking the truth, bellowed, and roared with considerable violence, until at length it forced the moderator to quit the tribune before his speech had been half completed.

A third orator next came forward, and after ingeniously humouring the anger of the people, in exaggerating Morillo's crime, and representing it in the blackest colours, he suddenly recalled the general's bravery to the mind of his hearers. "Let an over impetuous general be by all means stripped of the delicate situation of Captain-General," said he, "but why not retain him as a warrior worthy of again leading our battalions to victory? Morillo is a soldier of fortune; he has ennobled the rank from which he sprung, by his military exploits. Let us be generous towards a man whose elevation is due to his sword, and not to court favour." At these words, the cries of rage were converted into murmurs of approbation; but while the auditors were balancing between the sentiment of vengeance and that of justice, a sonorous voice was suddenly heard to exclaim *Dios!* at the sound of which the orator and audience immediately fell on their knees. It was the Viatica, which passed the door in the midst of torches; it was borne by a priest dressed in superb canonicals and seated in an elegant Landau. Here it may be proper to inform you, that whenever *Dios* leaves a church, he has a right to enter the first

carriage he meets; if it even happened to be that of the king: all occupation, even to an air of Catalani, must cease, in the vicinity of his passage.

After this interruption, which does not prove that the liberals are atheists, murmurs recommenced; nevertheless, the orator continued his speech; but a beggar, who had contrived to slip into the crowd, occasioned considerable annoyance by his efforts to express some words which no person could understand: being repeatedly called to order, without effect, an officer, who, from the broadness of his shoulders, and his attention to the proceedings, might be regarded as the lictor of the tribunes, seized the obstreperous mendicant by the collar, and raising him above the heads of the assembly, thrust him out of the nearest window with a degree of agility and ease which gave ample scope to the risible faculties of all present.

When order was restored, the auditory betrayed signs of regret at having interrupted an orator who had always shown himself so faithful to the interests of the people; Nunez was therefore unanimously called back to the tribune, which he ascended amidst the plaudits of the whole audience. He began by reproaching the assembly, as gently as if he had been speaking to his mistress, with the suspicion of infidelity which it had entertained of him, and then continuing his task, he proved that Morillo could only be punished by the laws. He ended by triumphing

over every prejudice, and thus prevented the laws from being violated. The meeting was then adjourned at its usual hour, amidst cries of "Long live the Constitution!"

I have thus sketched one of those tempests that sometimes break out at the celebrated Fontana de Oro; but be assured they never occur, except when provoked by an irresistible cause: at all other times, nothing can exceed the decorum and silence that pervades the whole auditory: eight or nine hundred persons of both sexes and all ages attend every night, to hear the constitutional catechism read. This ceremony generally continues two hours, during which the hearers remain standing, and pay the most marked attention to what is passing. The orators are never betrayed into frivolity nor the audience into levity. If, as will sometimes occur, the speaker is embarrassed for a word, it is suggested by several voices in the most good-natured manner, after which the silence is uninterrupted. An orator having lately exclaimed, that he was ready to accuse any functionary whatever, even though "as high as"——— "as high as"———but would most probably never have reached the point of comparison, if one of the spectators, who appeared to be placed near him, had not drily observed, as "Chimborazo." "Aye!" repeated the orator, "as high as Chimborazo!" and tranquilly continued his harangue.

I know that this assemblage is a sentinel in advance which incommodes the ministry : I also know these ministers, accustomed to a long lethargy, are made uneasy by a spirit of inquiry and alertness, which obliges them to be more attentive to their duties ; but those who are sincerely attached to liberty, ought they not to repeat with the President of a Polish Diet.—*Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium ?*

LETTER XVI.

Madrid, September 5th, 1821.

When a Spaniard loves, his heart is a volcano. Yesterday, the attachment of the people for Riego burst forth in the most violent way. A silent murmur accused the hero of infidelity to the constitution; it was at the same time announced that he had just been deprived of the military command in Aragon. Is it likely that Riego would attempt to destroy the constitution which he had himself restored?—would he tear it up in that very Zaragoza, which, in 1809, was buried in its own ruins to establish the sacred compact?

To these first interrogatories, which every one made to himself in public and private, in the streets and in society, succeeded that species of fury which takes possession of a lover when he hears the idol of his soul calumniated. Riego is innocent! cried the whole population; the king is deceived by his perfidious counsellors:—this is an iniquitous plot—a horrible mystery.—All Madrid was instantly in motion, the Puerto del Sol, became crowded to

excess, thence the multitude rushed to the municipality, and demanded the king's return to his capital; meanwhile, all the frequenters of the Fontana, assembled and commenced debating in the midst of a violent tumult, which only served to increase the irritation. At night the people went again to the municipality and reiterated their demand for the monarch's return. When Riego hears of these demonstrations, in his exile at Lerida, they will serve to console him for the injustice of the ministers.

The municipality would not yield to the wishes of the people; but continued to display the utmost firmness and dignity; declaring that it would never give in to a handful of mutineers who made an illegal demand: the clouds were thus dissipated, without any farther inconvenience.

These momentary agitations, ought not to create any fears for Spanish liberty; they are like those trifling apertures which we see in all new buildings before the cement has been properly consolidated. Such effervescences among a really free people, are sure proofs of vigilance and vigour.

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LETTER XVII.

Madrid, September 18th, 1821.

You are anxious to become acquainted with Riego, at least through his portrait; if I sent that engraved here a year ago, I should be deceiving you, for it resembles most of those unfaithful miniatures which are sent, previous to the celebration of certain marriages, and which are generally very bad prognostics for conjugal faith. I will not therefore forward what cannot be considered at all like the original, I do not besides wish to expose your heart to a disappointment.

As, however, I am determined your curiosity shall not go altogether unsatisfied, I will subjoin an extempore sketch drawn by the beautiful young Spanish heroine to whom I have occasionally alluded in the preceding letters. Having had the good fortune to find her alone yesterday evening, I profited by the circumstance, and begged she would describe the hero of Las Cabezas. Without betraying the least hesitation, I immediately received the following answer: "I have

so perfect a recollection, that if I was an adept in portrait painting, I should be able to draw as correct a likeness of Riego from memory, as if he sat to me for his picture, but to give his physiognomy all its expression, it is necessary to be something more than an artist, he who attempts to paint Riego, should feel the same sacred fire of liberty that burns in the soul of his original. Riego is not handsome, but of what consequence is personal beauty: he possesses those of the understanding, which are infinitely more important: I think I now see his dark eyes full of vivacity and enterprise; his manly complexion, and that mouth which seems to express all the refined delicacy of his sentiments: his hair is also dark: he is of middling stature, and has a very martial air. His gait and general appearance is that of a hero. Riego is incessantly consumed by his love of liberty, and such is the natural intensity of his feelings, that it was easy to perceive him falling away, during the five days of agitation occasioned by his visit to this place last year. I should be justified in saying that Riego is diaphanous, for every body can penetrate his thoughts. His countenance is not impregnated with that mysterious melancholy, which is so often the characteristic of ambition: the Spanish hero is too ardent and enterprising, long to remain wrapped up in his own thoughts. He is a brother to the soldiery. A private and serjeant of the guards,

dine at his table every day. He was above two years a prisoner in France during the war of independence, and while there, employed the time in cultivating his mind and reading the best authors: he speaks French and Italian with fluency. But how am I to express the amiability of his manners to my own sex! I could not possibly leave him on the day of his entry into Madrid! I knew he was aware of my attachment to an officer of his battalion, who had participated in all his recent perils and fatigues; he spoke frequently of my friend and seemed to dwell with pleasure on his courage and constancy. It is reported that Riego is about to marry; if so I shall be truly mortified, for then we can no longer say, that he only lives for his country, and is exclusively attached to liberty! No! He ought not to marry; the marriage of such a man seems an act of infidelity to the nation: is he not her lover? And then ——— other women would no longer enjoy the privilege of admiring him!"*

A blush followed the last short sentence, which had been scarcely pronounced, when a young officer rushed in almost breathless, to inform us that Riego's portrait had just been captured by a party of the militia. Here it becomes necessary

* The heroine's fears were realized soon after the date of the above letter.—Ed.

to inform you, that Riego has become the constitutional saint; and that his friends, by way of compensating him for the treatment he has experienced from government, had fixed on yesterday for carrying his portrait in procession through the streets of the capital. Ministers forbade this ceremony, and at the same time orders were issued to shut up the Fontana de Oro. But the hero's friends were not to be so easily deterred from putting their design into execution. They accordingly provided themselves with branches of palm, and having placed the portrait on a triumphal car, paraded the streets singing patriotic hymns. Although orders were issued to the garrison to disperse the people by main force, the troops of the line ranged along the streets, remained tranquil spectators of the scene, awed into respect by the mere inanimate representation of the popular hero, or as he is more generally called, the father of his country, they suffered the joyous procession to pass without interruption. No sooner however, had the crowd, which was immense, reached the Municipality, than the militia stationed there, immediately attacked the multitude, dispersed it, and thus obtained possession of the portrait.

On hearing this piece of news, the heroine burst forth in the most eloquent and severe philippic against the authors of the profanation, as she termed it. "Wretches!" exclaimed the modern

Armida, "dare you thus insult the idol of his country? What bravery is there for armed men to attack those who have no weapons to defend themselves? To point bayonets against the breasts of those who offered palm branches: how truly heroic! What proofs of fraternity!"

This day has also passed without there being any person killed or wounded: and there was only one prisoner made—the portrait; which the victors treated with all possible respect, carefully placing it in a room of the municipality.

LETTER XVIII.

Madrid, Oct. 15th, 1821.

HERE I am, returned from the fertile province of Valencia; a highly cultivated region, whose productions are nearly all similar to those of Italy. Its rivers, meadows, and mulberry-trees, reminded me of the plains of Lombardy, whilst the olive and orange groves, present a scene in every way similar to the coast of Genoa. Valencia is generally styled the garden of Spain.

I found Madrid dull and melancholy after the battle of the procession. The Fontana is mute: Nunez and Macron, two of its orators, accused of having stimulated the offensive act, are imprisoned. Patriotic songs are no longer heard, or, according to the enemies of the system, do not disturb the nights. The newspapers are at daggers drawn: as to the partisans of Riego, they are furious: what their opponents call tranquillity,

they regard as the silence of the grave. The ministry is made the subject of violent attacks, but it is inexorable and perseveres without change in its plan of consolidating the executive, and to punish those who infringe the laws.

Many persons out of Spain are rejoiced at this struggle, but their joy is most irrational. They do not perceive that in being frank and firm, the government can only strengthen the constitutional system. So long as the ministers respect the Code themselves, and cause it to be respected by others, their victories will always be so many trophies in favour of liberty. The great majority of the people wish for order and tranquillity, as well as obedience to the laws. The enemies of Spain deceive themselves, in thinking that the resistance of the ministers, to the errors of the liberales, is likely to add to the fall of the social edifice. Who was it that induced the king to consent to the convocation of the extraordinary Cortes? Certainly the ministers, by their candid and pressing representations. Was it not also the present ministry, which, by offering to resign, made Ferdinand desist from the two offensive nominations to the war department; appointments not less ridiculous in themselves than unworthy of the nation. Was it not the same administration, that rewarded by an honourable distinction, the soldiers who destroyed the bands under Merino? The really

constitutional sentiments expressed by the king, in his two speeches, at opening and closing the session of Cortes, were they not also dictated by the ministry? The ministry might easily confound its enemies by disclosing various acts of which Spain is ignorant; but they do not think it necessary to divulge that which ought to remain concealed for the honour and interest of the administration. A government whose intentions are pure, and whose conduct was always guided by equity, ought only to justify its measures before a competent tribunal, and this tribunal, is the Cortes. Let the assembled Cortes put them in accusation, and the ministers will present documents to justify their conduct. But the ultra liberals ought to offer up prayers to prevent things from coming to that extremity; as it would be no less fatal to themselves then the new constitutional system.*

* However creditable it is for the author to adhere to his friend M. Bardaxi, who was at the head of the ministry he thus defends, and who I am willing to believe did not join in the scandalous outcry against Riego, it is much to be regretted that he did not see with less partial eyes.—If public opinion had not so loudly and unequivocally condemned the men of 1812, Moreno Guerra's pamphlet contains facts and observations which place the matter beyond all controversy.—Ed.

The weather is so fine that I shall profit by it, in order once more to visit the gardens of Aranjuez, its majestic elms, groves of palm trees, and enormous oaks; the Tagus, which surrounds this Oasis, where the kings of Spain have enjoyed the *Siesta* of their monarchy, is certainly deserving a second visit.

LETTER XIX.

Madrid, November 6th, 1821.

THIS will, perhaps, be the last letter I shall have the pleasure of addressing you from Madrid: a favourable opportunity offering, to visit Lisbon, I mean to take advantage of it. My travelling companion is a Piedmontese officer of the constitutional army, who is going to embark thence for Greece, in order to fight for the liberty of that country, since he cannot do so for his own. This resolution is extremely praiseworthy and honorable to the character of the persons who have formed it, and cannot fail to be useful to the good cause. Several others will follow his example and embark at Marseilles, where a crusade of French and German youth are collecting, with the generous intention of tendering their services to the Greeks. The Spanish government will amply defray all the expences of the voyage for the Piedmontese refugees.

I shall most probably pass the winter at Lisbon; it will indeed afford me infinite pleasure to see

the country of Camoens and the Alberquerques, also arisen from its inanimate ashes. I have not been a niggard of Spanish news; I also promise not to be so, with regard to the affairs of Portugal.

But previous to quitting the delicious atmosphere of Iberia, I wish to leave you a few memorandums, to prevent your being deceived by the absurd reports which will not fail to be circulated on the momentary agitations, that may, for a short time, disturb the tranquillity of the Peninsula.

It is useless to disguise the fact, that this heroic nation is not yet happy: it may be compared to a hero who has experienced the destiny of all heroes. He is loaded with debt, afflicted with the plague, tormented by banditti and rebels, and deprived at the same time, of his vast domains of South America. *No Importa!* He possesses a sufficient stock of courage and patience to surmount and vanquish all these sources of adversity. With respect to the debts, he will pay them, for he is an honest fellow, and has wherewithal to do so. His finances, it is true, resemble those of a Spanish grandee; they are in a state of dilapidation and neglect; but with skill and economy order may be re-established and the rich patrimony saved.

As to the rebels, they are by no means numerous, and are only protected by the forests and

mountains. If they do not perish by the sword, they must shortly do so through hunger. America has freed itself from Spain; but the latter has good sense enough to feel, that it is impossible to preserve that vast continent, either as a colony, or an integral part of the constitutional monarchy. The mother country has for many years been accustomed to live without the aid of her colonies. She ought therefore to be glad to make any terms, even to signing a treaty which shall acknowledge their independence and emancipation. This magnanimous act, would be like a comet in the political world; it would make every government tremble, that has usurped dominion over nations entitled to their independence.

The Spanish people are ignorant,—that is to say, they do not know that the sound of their bells attracts lightning; they are not versed in the attributes of the thermometer and barometer, nor do they know much about vaccination. But they have good sense enough to know, that the most iniquitous native government is preferable to a foreign yoke; also, that civil war is one of the greatest calamities, and most heinous crimes. It therefore appears to me, quite impossible for the people to interfere with political dissensions to any great extent; they will even show a comparative indifference, except in the event of foreign invasion. So that as parties will never be able to move large masses in their favour, they

cannot carry on a very destructive war against each other, they will consequently confine themselves to cabals and a war of the pen.

The Cortes are the anchor and idol of the nation. The people admire themselves in their deputies, as every one admires himself in his portrait. All attempts against the country and constitution will vanish at their presence. We may therefore fairly calculate that the code will not be violated between this and June 1822.

The new elections are conducted with a degree of order, dignity and general decorum, which confute the censure of French publicists on the different degrees. The nomination of Electors, which took place on the 4th instant, holds out an assurance that this new Cortes will be composed of honest men and liberal politicians.

By showing a proper degree of vigour, the ministers acquire an increased degree of independence every day. It is true, they are often renewed, but they are not overturned by unworthy cabals; it is they themselves who voluntarily abandon their places, because they have not as yet had intrepidity enough to sustain individual attacks.

On the renewal of the Cortes, there will no longer be a scarcity of men well attached to the new system, and who can fill public situations. Five months will add amazingly to the moral force of the government.

The two points of the constitution, which are

perfectly known to the king, are, the inviolability of his person, and the faculty of naming to all the offices of trust. He knows that in a constitutional system, all the good ought to be attributed to the king, and all the bad to his ministers; as in the christian doctrine, good springs from God, and ill from the evil spirit.

It appears to me that the tribunals are not exempt from passion; but this scourge cannot be imputed to the ministers, since it is the council of state that proposes the judge on a triple list. It is unpleasant to be obliged to add, that the king is exceedingly unfortunate in his choice of such officers.

Do not be afflicted, therefore, if the constitution does not make so rapid a progress as you wish. It is a new machine, of which several of the parts require to be kept in constant activity. Its movement is as slow as that of the hand in a clock; it advances without being perceived by the eye, but it cannot retrograde.

Recollect also, that the Spanish are an original people, as I have already taken occasion to observe, and that they will belie the calculations of the profoundest politicians. Napoleon is excusable for not having known them better.

ADIEU!

LETTER XX.

Cadiz, January 30th, 1822.

Do not call me a truant if I already quit Spain to take a turn in Portugal. Although I am an enemy to etiquette, yet civility requires that I should visit in person all the constitutional governments, except those of America, to which I must content myself with sending cards. I should be most happy to see Columbia, that quadrature of the circle, which the Americans discovered, and which is still an inexplicable problem to us wise-headed Europeans. But who dares face the yellow fever, which is the cerberus that guards the new republic.*

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* It is a remarkable fact, that those who have lost their lives in Columbia since the commencement of its struggle for independence, were more often the victims of dysentery, and those fevers incidental to privations and fatigue, than to the yellow fever, which appears much more frequently in the West India Islands than in Columbia.—Ed.

Andalusia was not my direct road to enter Portugal, but I wished to make this deviation for the purpose of seeing the cradle of Spanish liberty. You already know that the political code was first framed here in 1812, and that it was re-produced at San Juan de las Cabezas, a few miles from this, in 1820. Liberty could not have had a more magnificent cradle. The sky of Andalusia is all azure and gold; its surface a garden filled with flowers, and fruits, orange trees, olives, palms, &c. The Arabs were not less cunning than their successors the Monks, who never failed to select the most delightful situations for their monasteries. Thus it was, that the former chose the finest portion of Spain for their settlements.

The Andalusians fancy themselves Spaniards, but I look upon them as Arabs: stout, plump in their persons, with clear dark eyes, black hair, thick beard, and aquiline nose, they still preserve the physiognomy of their ancestors. Volatile, passionately fond of show, gallant with the fair sex, gay and lively, they bear no resemblance to the Spaniards of the other provinces. They are almost continually on horseback; and invariably travel armed, at one time as inoffensive members of society, at others as smugglers or highwaymen, like the Bedouin Arabs. Their imagination is poetical; their language hyperbolical as orientalists. Anselmo, the muleteer who accompanied me to this place, one day asked me which was the

most powerful nation, England or Spain? On my replying "England," he rejoined with the emphasis of Pindar, "No Sir! when Spain is mentioned all other nations tremble." On another occasion, when I inquired whether the mule I rode was quiet, Anselmo, who from Pindar had become Anacreon, answered—"*El es manso como el sueno;*"—he is gentle as sleep!

The customs are also Arabic; those massive iron bars, which shut in all the windows, recall to mind the jealousy of the east. The bushy whiskers of the Andalusians; the handkerchief which they so generally wrap round their heads; the *Mantilla** of the women, are substituted for the long beards, turbans and veils that Philip II. prohibited the Arabs, who still remained in Andalusia after the capture of Grenada, from wearing in 1568. The Mahometans are in the habit of inscribing verses from the Koran on their houses; the inhabitants of port St. Mary's, Chiclana, Cadiz, and other places, have adopted the practice of writing an article of the constitution over every door. Each head of a family, selecting from that

* This is a species of scarf of cloth, silk, or stuff, generally trimmed with black velvet, and which is worn on the head, so as to hang down on each side: the mantilla is only worn in public, and generally conceals a considerable portion of the features. —Ed.

blazon of freedom, a motto as caprice or choice may dictate.

I made, in the course of last week, an excursion to Gibraltar. There is no other communication by land between Cadiz and that fortress than a rocky pathway, which the Spanish government has suffered to remain intact from the conquest of the Moors till the present hour. Whoever witnesses the cleanliness and activity, the freedom of religious worship, which prevails at Gibraltar, is almost tempted to pardon England for the trick she played Spain during the last century. This gigantic rock, perforated and garnished with cannon throughout, may be regarded as the largest ship of the line possessed by Great Britain. An officer of the garrison some time ago gave a ball to the *Rock Scorpions*, (the name by which the inhabitants of this impregnable hold are designated by the English) in one of the spacious galleries cut into the north side of the fortress.

Your government is like Archimedes: it is contented with a mere point whereon to apply its lever. *Da ubi consistam cœlum Terramque movebo.* Gibraltar, Malta and Corfu, are the three lever points with which your cabinet moves at their good pleasure the south of Europe. Gibraltar is prepared as if it were on the eve of an assault. There is not even the wheel of a gun-carriage wanting. How, when, and who could take this place? To me it seems like the castle of

the Magician Atalantus, which, to be taken, requires nothing less than the horn of Astolfo. The philosophy of the Spaniards is really philosophical; they have learned so totally to forget the loss of this point, that they are scarcely aware of having such dangerous neighbours, and they leave Cadiz without a single gun or battery.

The town of Gibraltar, is an aviary of fifteen thousand inhabitants: I call it an aviary, from the perpetual motion produced there by the smuggling trade with Spain. When in the streets you come in contact with Arabs, Moors, Italians, Spaniards and English; it is in fact a museum of human beings.

I have seen a number of Italians from the borders of Lake Orta* scattered about in different parts of Andalusia, where they are settled as inn and coffee-house keepers. He who first called man a plant was right, and it may be said that we are like trees, which if transplanted when young, are almost sure to prosper. The above settlers have afforded me no consolation; not even the pleasure of addressing them in our own language; for after a residence of four or five years in Spain, they entirely lose their native dialect. What a difference between them and the old German, whom I met at Carlotta![†] This pea-

* A small lake north of *Lac Maggiore*.

† This is one of the settlements established on the *Sierra*

sant of the principality of Nassau has been fifty years in Andalusia, yet no sooner did he see me, than he asked whether I could speak German, as he had been for many years deprived of the satisfaction of indulging in his mother tongue. He had preserved such favourable reminiscences of his country, that he thought Nassau much more fertile and beautiful than Spain. His son, who was born in the colony of Carlotta, observed to me in a jocular tone, that whenever his father drank a glass of sherry he was no longer of the above opinion. His wife, mode of living, and the cookery, were all German. Though living in the midst of Andalusia, he had continued the patriarchial life of Germany. When the clock struck twelve, his little Spanish niece presented herself before him, upon which he, with the action and gesture of an Abraham, held out his hand to be kissed. A piece of bread and an apple were the premiums of this ceremony. The old German does not therefore come under the denomination of a plant.

Morena during the reign of Charles III., who, finding it impossible to prevail on his own subjects to fix on this desolate tract, incited adventurers from Germany to come to Spain. The call being obeyed, a number of flourishing towns have since sprung up on a spot which had been a mere desert in former reigns. The perseverance with which Charles III. and his patriotic ministers pursued this great design until it was carried into effect, reflects the highest honour on their memory.—Ed.

I set out for Lisbon after to-morrow, and shall leave Spain without any uneasiness. It would seem that the whirlwind of civil war is, for the present at least, removed to a great distance. Cadiz, which threatened to separate itself from the capital, and declare itself an Hanseatic town, has submitted to the government as soon as a part of the ministry fell, and the rest will fall. The new ministry are likely to display great vigour and eloquence, for it is said that the approaching Cortes are to possess some furious Gracchi. The serviles are asking, "What more remains to be done by the next Cortes than attacking the King's palace?" The liberals of 1812 are also struck with alarm, lest the new Cortes should modify the Constitution and touch the sacred arch constructed in that year: but the disunion that exists between the liberals of 1812 and those of 1820 is not enmity, it is rivalry of merit. The men of 1812 created the Constitution, but they suffered it to perish in 1814. The men of 1820 brought it to life. Riego will sit amongst the deputies. From the Tarpeian Rock, with which the disgraced ministry threatened him, the people have borne him in triumph to the capitol. I will therefore profit by this truce to absent myself for a few months from Spain.

Adieu, amiable lady: in the intervals of your reading, perhaps you will deign to cast a thought on me; for my own part, I can assure you that

the hearts of those in exile beat with most fervour for friends. Tell the expatriated Italians who frequent your hospitable roof, that it is glorious for me to participate in the destiny of the most interesting portion of the Italian youth. I understand the number of proscribed augment daily, and that not even a rood of ground remains for the friends of freedom in Italy. There are thirteen governments in our Peninsula, and each of the thirteen deny us a resting place. Pray forgive me, if I renew this melancholy strain so often:—rather pity me, for Italy is the object of my adoration.

LETTER XXI.

Lisbon, Feb. 9th, 1822.

I HAVE performed a journey like the Pope, that is to say, been safely conveyed here by a mule: I say with safety, but I am exceedingly fatigued. A journey, whether in Spain or Portugal, is equivalent to a military campaign; want of provisions, ambuscades, perils, hardships, bivouacs, every thing in fact but glory. I had imagined that were it only from the enmity they profess towards Spaniards, the Portuguese would, out of mere contradiction, be more careful and commodious in their habitations. But I was deceived, they are rivals of their enemies in all things. To give you an idea of what the Inns of Portugal are, I will merely tell you that while at Moita last night, the rats devoured a large Guinea hen, bones and all, which had roosted in my bed room. In Italy, our wolves are much more moderate than the rats of Portugal.

If I had not read the history of Portugal, it

would be sufficient to witness the salutations of the peasantry, to be convinced that this people have experienced a long train of oppression. Whenever they perceive a traveller, no matter how far he is off, their hats are instantly held down to the ground. This reverence alone, would have been enough to satisfy Lavater, that the Portuguese are more docile and submissive towards the nobility and rich, than their neighbours of Spain. The salute is not a sign of indifference; it generally denotes the degree of liberty or slavery prevailing in a nation. The orientals fall on their knees and cross their arms, while an Englishman or Swiss merely holds out his hand without touching his hat. Before the revolution a French peasant would almost bend double before the lord of his village, now-a-days the salutation is reciprocal.

In the villages through which I have passed, the men seemed handsome, well made, and robust; the heads of the Spaniards and Portuguese are besides of a beautiful form and very majestic. I have seen no heads so fine except in Raphael's school of Athens. It strikes me that if Gall examined these skulls, he would find the organ of conquest strongly developed in them. They may be called Cæsarean and Napoleonic heads. The physiognomies of the Portuguese are expressive, but this has not surprised me so much as the variety of expression depicted in them. There

are nations which seem to be all cast in the same mould, such as the Chinese for example, the Austrians, and even the English. Out of five thousand men composing the garrison of Gibraltar, I should scarcely have been able to distinguish two different faces. In Portugal, on the contrary, a painter could select all the dramatis personæ of a picture from a group of peasants.

You will be astonished that I have not as yet said one word about politics. But what could I say, since I have traversed the kingdom without remarking a single proof of political regeneration? The old edifice is still entire. It is announced, and solemnly sworn that a Constitutional structure will be erected, but as yet, nothing more than the façade of the building exists, that is to say, the political code. It is not here as it was in Spain, where the constitution restored by Riego was fresh in the recollection of the nation. The Portuguese had also in former days their States or Cortes, but the populace, who are not endowed with much knowledge, have no longer any recollection of them. Here the people enter the region of liberty like one who suddenly comes from darkness into light, and is so confounded, that he is unable to distinguish any object.

If it be true that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, we ought to admire his good taste as well as his genius. The situation of this city is quite enchanting: it is really worthy of Europe.

From the table on which I write, the eye commands the Tagus and its left bank: what a pity that there should be a hatred to trees here as in Spain! I had hoped that the English would have, during the domination of a century, ornamented the banks of this majestic river, with groves, gardens and country houses. They have not planted a single tree for the living; there are however four cypresses for the dead in their cemetery. They have enjoyed Portugal as an usufruct; more selfish than the monks, they have not made a single improvement during the many years they possessed this colony.* I hear a military band, which has just struck up the constitutional hymn; adieu, therefore, as I run to share in the electric charm. Long live liberty!

P. S. I have returned somewhat mortified. The music of the hymn is beautiful, though much more sentimental than warlike, but the poetry is unworthy of the land of Camoens.

Ia pouco tarda o momento
Da nossa Consolazaó
Em que la do bahar dos ceos
A nossa Constituicaô.

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* The opinion that Portugal was really a colony of England, is one of the most generally popular errors that prevails on the continent. Had our author studied the nature of the connection between the two countries somewhat more closely, he would have been satisfied that our influence never extended to planting the banks of the Tagus.—Ed.

Why make the Constitution descend from Heaven? The times of Moses and Egeria are gone by; on the other hand, a law passed by the representatives of a whole people, possesses of itself sufficient dignity and veneration. There is no necessity for making a miracle come from above, when it can be equally well performed by men.

LETTER XXII.

Lisbon, February 24th, 1822.

I AM more *liberal* than usual this morning. I would most willingly present a complete history of Portugal to all the cabinets of Europe, because they are quite astonished she should have followed the example of Spain, in proclaiming a constitution. Portugal has always shared the same fate as her neighbour. Like Spain, she received and threw off the yoke of the Romans; like Spain too, she obeyed the Goths, was subjected by the Goths and Arabs, and like her, drove them away: like Spain, she established the inquisition, and burnt infidels, heretics and Jews. Finally, Portugal has of late years been invaded by the French, and since she made similar sacrifices, she surely merited the same recompence.

And is not the revolution effected at Oporto, on the 24th of August, 1820, similar in the motives and execution to that of 1640? At the former epoch, this country groaned under the yoke of Spaniards: some fidalgos united at Lisbon

to save the nation: displacing the Spanish authorities, they raised the Duke of Braganza (whose right it was) to the throne, and immediately convoked the Cortes of the kingdom, which exacted obedience from the new government.

In 1820 Portugal was in like manner under the influence of England; a few proprietors and fidalgos assembled at Oporto, for the purpose of liberating their country; they deposed the regency of Lisbon, recalled their king, exiled in the Brazils by England, and assembled the Cortes to establish the basis of a new government.

If therefore so many eulogies have been made on the first revolution, why should not the present be equally applauded? Because perhaps, the revolutionists of Oporto have proclaimed the constitutional system? But this system is not an infernal machine, nor even a recent invention. Even up to the year 1100 the States General, or Cortes of Portugal, composed of the upper clergy, nobility and deputies from certain cities, were in existence. The Portuguese had a representative government before England. It is not more than a century since the States General were discontinued. But they were never abolished by any Sovereign. So that the right of levying taxes being vested exclusively in the Cortes, John V. dare not demand the imposts even in the last century, but merely raised them hypothetically, as if the continuation of the old taxes, until the States

General were assembled. The mother of the present king, was the only and the first person who attempted to impose taxes of her own accord. The establishment of the Cortes in Portugal is therefore the restoration of the Portuguese people to their ancient rights.

And are you acquainted with the profession of faith which the Cortes of 1640 printed in Latin, so that it might circulate throughout Europe, with the portrait of their king, to whom it was dedicated?

1st. That the sovereign power resides in the people, from whom it is transferred to the prince.

2ndly. That the transfer of this power to kings is temporary, and can be recalled by the people whenever it becomes necessary for their defence or preservation, and when princes, by their conduct, render themselves unworthy of the diadem.

3rdly. That a people have a natural and inherent right to break through their oath of allegiance and deny obedience to those kings who cease to govern with equity and justice.

Such were the articles of political belief which the Portuguese cherished a century before the existence of the Encyclopedists, Jacobins, Liberals and Carbonari!

The European cabinets are either extremely ignorant themselves, or they think others are so. They accuse the liberals as being the inventors of perverse principles in politics, while the people

of former ages professed doctrines infinitely more dangerous than the modern friends of freedom. During the time of the Romans, the name of republic did not make the hair of any person stand on end. King-killing was even amongst the commands of their declogue. The Goths, in whose military parliaments, kings were named, condemned and deposed, were real jacobins. Was not Charlemagne, who collected the legislative body of the empire in the Field of May, a jacobin? What were the Popes who dethroned and buffeted the Emperors of Germany? Were not the Councils that displaced the Popes and the Polish Diets, that denied the legitimacy of all dynasties, jacobins and levellers? Surely Alexander III. who gave his benediction to the leagued republics of Lombardy, and excommunicated Frederick Barbarossa, was a Carbonaro: also Julio, who died exclaiming "*drive the barbarians out of Italy!*" Finally, were not all the Guelphs of the middle ages revolutionists because they would not wear the yoke of German marauders?

If travellers were to say that Lisbon is inhabited by men during the day and dogs at night, they would be perfectly right. I have been tempted to ask what signal services has the canine race rendered to this city, that it should be treated better than were the geese who saved the capitol? The barking of that cohort, which nightly assembles in the square of Caciodore

where I lodge, would awaken Enoch and Elisha. I have not closed an eye all night; well may I hate dogs of every kind, including the god Anubis. Do not therefore accuse me of a want of politeness, if I omit sending my best regards to the three favourites who roll so much at their ease on the carpets of your drawing-room, enjoying the infallibility as well as the inviolability of the domestic circle.

LETTER XXIII.

Lisbon, Feb. 26th, 1822.

I WAS at length determined to visit the Cortes, and I accordingly went to the hall two days ago. Perhaps I have deferred this rather too long; but I am an epicurean, and always reserve the greatest pleasure to the last.

The national congress assembles in an old convent that overlooks the Tagus. A convent is not certainly the most decorous residence for the popular sovereignty, but the situation could not be better adapted to inspire the deputies with sentiments of glory and patriotism. They sit directly opposite the spot whence the fleet of Vasco de Gama sailed.

I should like to see some carpets which line the passage leading to the galleries removed; the ingress has now too much the appearance of a tumbler's show. The hall is simple and spacious. There is no ornament to distract the attention of a hundred and forty members, to whose physiognomies Michael Angelo could not have imparted

a more animated expression. The debate had already commenced when I arrived. Most of the orators speak with great facility. The Portuguese language is not, however, either so majestic or sonorous as the Spanish: but it is singular that there should be so much apparent ease of delivery among a people who have never cultivated the eloquence of the tribune. This may perhaps be attributed to the nature of the dialect and ready imagination of the southern nations of Europe. Every people is poetic, but it is only amongst those of the south that improvisatori are found.

I was proceeding in my examination one by one of these brown visages, with thick eyebrows and large dark eyes, when the head of a deputy, who rose to address the president, excited all my attention. The expression of his features was strongly marked and full of austerity; he had eyes of fire, short curled hair, with here and there a patch of grey. His voice was impressive. The colour of his cheeks was somewhat darker than brown; his ideas seemed perfectly clear, and phraseology intrepid,—there were neither circumlocution nor parenthesis in his speech; he neither flattered nor offended any one. The orator did not appear anxious about the impression made on his auditory; with eyes steadily fixed on the chair, he seemed only influenced by his own conscience. On seeing him rise a murmur of respectful applause

was heard to run through the galleries. No longer able to check my curiosity, I asked the person that sat next to me, who it was that called forth such a general expression of respect. He answered FERNANDES THOMAZ, the father of our revolution.

It was he, continued my informant, that conceived the design, disclosed it to his friends, and who, united with them, carried it into execution. He is one of our most learned jurisconsults. Inflexible under despotism, modest during the triumph of the revolution, with simple manners and a rugged address, he is our Cato. His whole life has been devoted to the service of his country. Despising the favours of the Court, he is only ambitious of popular applause. In appearance you would imagine him to be robust, but study has weakened his temperament. He is subject to frequent fits of illness, and the days of his indisposition are days of melancholy for the populace, by whom he is idolized.*

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* It is truly painful to reflect that the same page that records an eulogium which was never more justly merited, must also announce the death of him whose virtue and patriotism the author so justly appreciates. The loss of such a man must be always regarded as a serious calamity to the country which is so fortunate as to possess him, but under the existing circumstances of Portugal, when she is passing from a despotism of many centuries to a state of freedom, the death of FERNANDES THOMAZ, is indeed irreparable. The following letter, addressed by the president of the

The next speaker who rose, was of a taller stature than Fernandes Thomaz, slow in his delivery, but impetuous and almost unbridled in the rapidity of his thought. I soon after heard the name of Borges Carneiro whispered on each side of me. This deputy generally excites the enthusiasm of the auditors in the gallery, for his propositions are daring, and favour the passions of the multitude.

The third speaker who addressed the chair was a priest in canonicals, of small stature, bald, and with a feeble voice. The discussion turned on some military regulation. "This ecclesiastic," said I to my neighbour, "is perhaps a templar, from his meddling in affairs relative to the army?"

Portuguese Cortes to my friend Mr. Bowring, details the sad event in terms which do no less honour to the writer himself than the patriot whose loss he deplores.

Lisbon, Nov. 21st, 1822.

Most Esteemed Friend,

When your letter of the 20th ultimo reached me, our mutual and lamented friend, Fernandes Thomaz, was on the very verge of death. He had been for more than six days struggling with it, in all the strength of philosophic virtue, and died at eleven o'clock at night on the 19th instant, leaving all his friends in the greatest consternation, and filling the capital with lamentations and tears. All feel his removal, and that in a thousand ways. A generous patriot, a sincere friend, a valiant champion of public liberty; he died in fact exhausted by his noble ardour and unwearied attention to his public duties. I, more than any, have lost one, whose conversation was my daily support and solace. It

"No Sir," replied he, smiling at my remark, "that is Castello Branco, the learned professor of Coimbra. Previous to the revolution, he was a member of the Inquisition: his encyclopedian eloquence is now employed in favour of liberty.

The galleries were full of spectators, although the distance from the new city to where the Cortes meet, is above a league. Great order and regularity prevailed amongst the auditors, until a Brazilian deputy, named Andrada, rose to oppose Borges Carniero, when, to testify their attachment to the latter, they began to show symptoms of agitation.

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was on his bed of death that he knew of your imprisonment, and all his tenderness and his strong intelligence were directed towards you. Whatever fate injustice may prepare for you, console yourself with the thought that liberty spreads here its benignant influences, and that every new act of tyranny serves to support and to consolidate it for futurity.

Your affectionate Friend,

JOSE J. F. de MOIRA.

The services literary and political, whether as an upright judge on the bench, a bold and incorruptible member in Cortes, rendered to his country by Fernandes Thomaz, will be found eloquently detailed in the MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September, 1821, from the pen of Mr. Bowring. The only surviving brother of the deceased patriot, JOSE FERNANDES THOMAZ, is now in the British Metropolis, as secretary of legation to the Portuguese embassy. Those who know this diplomatist, do not require to be informed, that he inherits the virtues and patriotism of his lamented relative.--ED.

Order was, however, immediately restored by the following sentence pronounced by Andrada.—"You should observe a dignified reserve. In the elections ye are kings; but in this hall, recollect you are subjects."

I will here relate an anecdote, by which you may perceive, how extremely jealous of their dignity the representatives of Portugal are.

Previous to the late revolution, it was customary for all those who presented themselves before royalty to kiss hands. The practice, though ridiculous, was much less so than that of the Vatican, where his holiness merely holds out a slipper to be kissed. When the king first appeared in the Hall of Cortes, he forgot that every deputy there was also a monarch, and happening to hold out his hand to the first who came up, the deputy conceiving his majesty wanted a supporter, took the king's hand, and placing it under his arm, tranquilly ascended the stair-case with his majesty!

The extraordinary Cortes have been installed since the 26th of January, 1821, and are occupied in preparing the Constitution on the fundamental basis already approved and sworn to by the people and king. It will be completed towards the end of August. The experience of Spain has been a guide to the Portuguese legislators. This new code, contains all the *errata* of that framed at Cadiz in 1812. The king will preserve his title,

but his power will not exceed that of a Doge. So much the better even for him, as he will be really infallible, when no longer in a state to act wrong.

The Congress proceeds slowly in the work of reform. It seems to have adopted the maxim of constructing before it destroys. The only law which has wounded private interests, is that which reduces the senorial rights to one half their former amount. The monks are still intact; so are the entails and enormous wealth of the upper clergy, nor are the Commanderies to be appropriated to the wants of the state until after the death of the occupant. Even the police and its thousand agents are untouched. Not that the Congress hope that patience will disarm the enemies of freedom: but, as I have before observed, it wants to gain time, and acquire greater strength before it engages in the grand struggle with vice and corruption.*

* I am extremely happy to be enabled to state, that although the evils inseparable from the above appendages to the old despotic regime, are not even yet entirely removed, various ameliorations have been effected since the author's remarks were made. However impossible it may be to approve the toleration of what renders all the old governments of Europe so many centuries behind the spirit of the age, it becomes necessary to make considerable allowance for legislators who are called upon to heal the diseases of centuries, as in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese Cortes.—Ed.

Here my heart and imagination impel me to allude once more to the state of Italy! When I reflect on the difficulties, moral and physical, which other nations encounter, in their efforts to establish the constitutional system, I cannot help being out of humour with the destiny which seems to persecute my own beautiful country. Is there any soil in the world better calculated to make the tree of liberty flourish than that of Italy? with the exception of Piedmont, where some of the gothic institutions which had been destroyed, resuscitated in 1814. Where are the interests and prejudices against which the constitutional system could clash there? You have traversed the whole of that unhappy Peninsula, amiable lady, and can therefore testify, that four-fifths of it are exempted from feudal tenures, entails, onerous privileges, corporate bodies, exclusive colleges, and these swarms of priests who feed on the vitals of other countries. All these reforms were commenced towards the middle of the last century, and completed by Napoleon. If the attitude of a government conformable to its state of civilization constitutes a right, no nation after France can boast its claim to a constitutional system with more justice than Italy. Figure to yourself that a second *Sicilian Vespers*, caused the eighty thousand Austrians who infest Italy to disappear, and I promise that on the following day, a representative government would be proclaimed without a murmur of opposition.

LETTER XXIV.

Lisbon, March 5th, 1822.

Do not envy me, Madam, my idleness is punished by lassitude, not however through my own fault, but that of the three hundred thousand inhabitants of this city, who have no idea of rendering life happy. The Italian Opera is closed. In the national theatre, mysteries of saints and martyrs still continue to be represented: so that one might as well go and hear a mass read. The promenades too are deserted; nor do the belles of Lisbon ever appear on them. I am inclined to think that the women have never left their houses since the earthquake of 1755. The sole pastime here during the last week is a procession, which takes place at four o'clock in the afternoon. Its object is to commemorate the passion of Christ; here the people have a great predilection for such ceremonies. The windows are filled by beautiful heads, with large black eyes and thick lips, while the streets are crowded with the populace. The principal actor in this pious spectacle is as large as Goliath, and bends under the weight

of an immense cross. It is but too true that men have made the Gods after their own image. From the length and blackness of his hair, and brown visage, one would be tempted to take this personification of Christ for a Portuguese rather than a native of Jerusalem. A long train of women follow the cross weeping and groaning, with handkerchiefs up to their eyes and their heads concealed in brown cloaks. The lower classes of Portuguese females dress like nuns.

An English general of the last age used to say, that he never saw a monk in Portugal who had not a soldier's face, nor a soldier who had not that of a monk. The first part of this remark is still true. Those of the brotherhood whom I saw in the above-mentioned procession, held up their heads and moved with a triumphant gait, like grenadiers marching on a parade. But why should they not be proud, if the people, ministers and kings, were so humbled to them before? Why should not these, for whom alone, three millions of Portuguese laboured and navigated to enrich, be proud? The only remarkable edifices in Portugal are convents. Whoever has seen the Escurial of Spain and convent of Mafra in this country, cannot but feel satisfied that the conquest of America has been effected for the Monks. At Lisbon, the Franciscan friars built a magnificent convent, which was the only one in its neighbourhood

that resisted the earthquake of 1755. This was not as you will conceive, a miracle of St. Francis, but one solely attributable to the architecture, which gave the solidity of a fortress to the walls and roof.

But although the Monks of Portugal may have constructed their convents for eternity, they will not be eternal. Pombal, who would not divide his despotism with any person, was the first to give a mortal blow to their power:—whilst occupied in persecuting, calumniating and hanging some of the most powerful nobles, this minister caused father Malacrida to be executed, banishing the Jesuits, and prohibited the dress of other orders. The Marquis Pombal, with his ministerial omnipotence, in having despised the influence of these two classes, paved the way for the reforms of the present revolution. It is perhaps because the Cortes found the number and power of the monks greatly diminished that they have thought it prudent not to suppress them. So that the king may still continue to call himself without the least hypocrisy, *his most faithful Majesty*.

Monks and superstition are always cause and effect, but if the Portuguese be a little superstitious, they are exempted from religious fanaticism. When certain winds blow for example, people are known to run up particular hills to see if Sebastian, who was killed in a battle fought against the

Moors in 1568,* is coming back: although Saint Sebastian has not come yet, his followers do not insult him as the Lazzaroni of Naples do with regard to St. Jenarius when he does not like to perform the miracle of shedding the blood.

That which occasions most inconvenience to travellers in Lisbon is the *Spirito Santo:* this walks about night and day to the sound of drum and fife, making every body kiss a dirty carpet. A Frenchman would say of this spirit that it is not destitute of wisdom, for it moves to the sound of a patriotic hymn.

Did you not once tell me that your family intended to visit Portugal? If this curiosity still continues, it may be as well for your peace of mind, to inform you, that heretics are no longer burned in this country. So that the English, whether at Lisbon or Oporto, are distinct from all the heterodox, and have churches as well as burial grounds of their own. It is hoped that a motion will soon be made in the Cortes, to admit the return of the Jews. How many of these are there, who would gladly rejoin the descendants of their parents that embraced christianity to avoid being burnt! If there was liberty of worship in Portugal, there would not be so many deserts, nor would grain be wanting for a fourth

* Alcazar.

of the population, and the state would not be destitute of manufactures. How much more would the four or five thousand Germans, who yearly cross to North America, prefer this delicious and omnifarious climate!

LETTER XXV.

Lisbon, March 12th, 1822.

I WRITE these few lines in great haste, to inform you that I this night embark for England with one of your amiable compatriots whom I knew at Madrid. The friendship of Mr. Bowring has quite fascinated me: this estimable citizen is a stem of French suavity grafted on the English character. He speaks various languages; has travelled over all Europe; is an eloquent poet, enamoured of liberty, and the adopted friend of JEREMY BENTHAM. This enthusiastic advocate of Spanish freedom converses with gracefulness and argues with urbanity, while he patiently suffers my exclamations against human nature, heaven and earth, because they do not come to the aid of Italy. It will be long ere I meet another travelling companion equally agreeable! He always carries an album, in which the names and remembrances of the most distinguished liberals of Europe are recorded. We sometimes quarrel because I give the title of martyrology to this collection. But

to say the truth, the European liberals are not yet in a state of martyrdom.

We shall have a complete edition of CAMOENS with us during the present voyage. How strongly do I sympathize in the fate of this military bard, the most unhappy of all poets! I can never hesitate to offer my mite to the mendicants who wander about the streets of Lisbon, for it always strikes me that I see the Indian Jaô, who for nearly three years begged through the streets to support the unfortunate Camoens, his master. The bard of the Lusiad died in an hospital without a shroud, nor is the day or month of his death known! Liberty has revived the enthusiasm in favour of Camoens. On the second day of Portuguese emancipation, General Sepulveda inserted some of this poet's verses in a proclamation to the people.

But do you think Bowring's friendship is the only motive I have for undertaking this voyage, with so much pleasure? Will not the curiosity to see a nation where the women are so well-informed, amiable, and romantic, as your acquaintance induces me to suspect, have had a part?

P. S. I shall not remain long in London. Indeed I fully calculate on being back here towards the end of April.

LETTER XXVI.

Lisbon, May 10th, 1822.

Behold me once more at Lisbon. My existence dilates and resumes its former dimensions, for the month I passed in London seemed to reduce me to an atom. In that vortex of great events, great men, and great sights, one ought to be at least a Tamerlane or —— a pyramid of Egypt, not to forget himself!

I did not find John Bull either so rustic or intolerant, as he is generally painted. It is true, he stared with rather an ironical curiosity at a French roquelaure which I wore, but he neither threw mud nor stones at me. John Bull has red and white on his cheeks; is robust, well formed, well dressed and well lodged. Notwithstanding all this, it is difficult to believe that he is happy. He works too hard; he condemns himself to perpetual labour in order that he may drink tea twice a day, cover his bread well with butter, and dress with elegance. —— From all which, I cannot say that John Bull calculates wisely.

While in London I saw our common friend Ugo Foscolo, with infinite pleasure, after a separation of six years. Of all the living writers of Italy, Foscolo is he whom I most admire. His romance of *Jacopo Ortis*, has opened a new career of glory to Italians, teaching how their latent sensibilities and enthusiasm, two qualities essential to those who would acquire liberty, are to be awakened. I also admire Foscolo for not bowing the knee to the idol at whose feet all the despots of Europe burnt incense. Our friend resides near the Regent's Park. His cottage is isolated, but well furnished: there is however a canal passing near it, which looks like the turbid Lethe. This little retreat might be called a hermitage, if you did not see two pretty chamber-maids moving about within its precincts, and that Ugo Foscolo makes the same calculation as John Bull, to lead a life of agitation and uneasiness: he is constrained to labour night and day for the London Periodicals. Immense fatigue, and little glory! He ought to prefer living like a thrush at the top of a belfrey, waging an eternal war on the Austrians, by whom he has been so atrociously calumniated, and in order to save his honour, forced to exile himself from Italy.

The Portuguese speak ill of Wellington, still worse of Beresford, and in the very highest terms of Wilson. The Portuguese are proud, and they cannot forgive the two first named for having more

pride than themselves. Whereas the popularity of Wilson, his romantic valour, and the justice he publicly rendered to the intrepidity of the Portuguese soldiery, has left a most grateful recollection on their minds. I was therefore anxious personally to know this general, the champion of human liberty. His courage must be of the most daring description. Have you not remarked how he leans forward in the attitude of an hussar who is on the point of charging? Your sovereign has been advised to deprive the General of his commission because he would not suffer his subjects to be destroyed; but he has nevertheless an ample recompence: he possesses the *Brevet* of every free people.

I attended at one of the sittings of your House of Commons, but it excited no interest whatever. It is easy to foresee the result of every discussion. The disproportion of strength between the opposition and ministry is too great. Hence there is no suspense of the soul in the debates, no doubt of the certainty as to which side victory will lean, there is not in fact any dramatic interest. The administration is invulnerable: it resembles those combatants of Ariosto whose arms were fated. The heart of the reader never palpitates for them, and their contests only produce lassitude and indifference.

I was highly delighted with the Pantheon of Westminster! It is a republic of the dead. There

you see the real democracy of the tomb! There repose under the same gothic arches, the ashes of comedians, kings, buffoons, &c. &c. &c. Apropos of this magnificent abbey.... I stood motionless before the bust of Paoli for above half an hour, and read with surprise on the inscription, that after having vainly endeavoured to give independence to Corsica, his native country, against France and Genoa, he took refuge in England, where he was welcomed and pensioned by the government. Yet the Italian refugees of the present day, who have attempted and failed in a more magnanimous enterprise, instead of patronage, have only found the *Alien Bill*, which hangs over them like the sword of Damocles.

With respect to my stay in London, I confess that the silence of your streets, and tranquillity of your houses, quite oppressed my mind. Gossip, noise, and song, are necessary for an inhabitant of the south. Our Italian peasants sing in chorus under the burning rays of the dog days. In Spain still more than Portugal, the people sing throughout the night with all their hearts. But can a month's residence in London give me the right of criticising England? No, amiable lady, I neither ought nor will I speak ill of your country.

I have been so accustomed to revolution, seditions, and rebellions, during the last year, that I almost forgot to inform you, we are scarcely out of a conspiracy hatched by the agents and admi-

rers of despotism. These excrescences of the social body are never at ease except when plotting against liberty. They lately suborned about five hundred recently discharged soldiers, and persuaded them to invade the privileges of the Galicians, to perform the office of porters and water-carriers in the city. The object of these fanatics was to excite a tumult, and then direct the popular vengeance at their own will. But the genius of freedom, which is now ever watchful, foreseeing every danger and providing a remedy, was soon on the alert. The garrison was under arms in an instant, and took possession of all the important points of the capital. Sepulveda rushed forth and visited every post, so that the resolute attitude of the troops soon terrified the conspirators. The minister of justice made several important discoveries. From these it would appear, that the danger was much more imminent than it seemed to be, and the conspiracy more extensive. The leaders, who were powerful and numerous, remained behind the curtain. This induced the minister to demand from the Cortes, permission to remove the suspected persons from the city. Such was the danger to liberty, that not a single deputy impugned this law of fatal example. In other respects, the high character of the minister Silvo de Carvalho is quite a sufficient guarantee against the abuses of liberty. At this moment, news has arrived that on the same day and hour, and under the same

pretext, a similar conspiracy broke out and was suppressed at Oporto.

What vigilance—how much prudence and energy are required to consolidate this tree of liberty! To what buffetings is it exposed before its roots are extended! But I will ask despotism how many years it will take, how many conspiracies must it put down, how many revolutions fail, before it raises itself on the foundation of liberty? Did not the Medici undergo a century of continued perils previous to enjoying a moment's security in absolute power? Had not Charles V. of Spain to sustain the war against the Comuneros, Philip II. that of the Low Countries, Philip IV. that in Catalonia, before he became Lord of life and property? Richelieu, Mazarine, Louis XIV. —what opposition did they not encounter while establishing an absolute monarchy!

LETTER XXVII.

Madrid, May 17th, 1822.

Last night was celebrated the anniversary of the first liberal of Portugal; for such is the title given by all the liberals to John VI. their king, and well does he merit the envied appellation. It is now a twelvemonth since he swore to be constitutional, and up to this moment his conduct has been irreprehensible. A year's fidelity, no matter of what kind, is a great proof of virtue. The king has attended at the general review of the troops, surrounded by the friends of liberty, and having General Sepulveda constantly by his side. His Majesty could not have chosen a better guardian angel. If the king had been amongst the dullest of the dull, he must yesterday have learned to chaunt the patriotic hymn from memory, for it was continually repeated under his windows for the space of two hours.

The appearance of the troops could not have been more martial. The soldiers as upright as perpendicular lines, with clean uniforms very neatly

made, proved them to be of the English school. In order to produce good spirits, the cannon were as usual fired off to stun and deafen all present.

John VI. passed yesterday as an *aimable étourdi.* He went to the theatre in the evening, and towards eleven o'clock proceeded to the ball given by his subjects, accompanied by his daughters and Prince Michael.

This second assemblage was much more agreeable than that of the morning. All the most distinguished individuals of Lisbon were collected in a large saloon. Even the apostolical Nuncio himself seemed to espouse the manners of the age on this occasion: adorned with his powdered wig and full red face, he figured amongst the ladies like a tulip in the midst of violets. How beautiful are the eyes of the Portuguese women! They are so many black diamonds! Every head, neck and hand sparkled with brilliants. I saw such a vast quantity, that I now believe that the people of America really play at marbles with diamonds! But I ought here to remark that there were two of the most elegant Lisbon belles, who appeared without the tiara worn by all the others. On inquiry, I found that this arose from their having made a present of it to their country on the day of proclaiming the constitution here.

The costume of the officers of the court, is scarlet embroidered with gold lace. But the Portuguese fidalgos do not possess that court mimickry

which is so familiar to the courtiers of other countries; they have neither that supercilious insolence, nor affected superiority over the greatest heroes of the day, which courtiers are usually required to possess.

If fine clothes were a criterion of merit, I should be justified in saying that all the illustrious men of Plutarch were present at the above fête. But the Portuguese fidalgos of the present day have greatly degenerated from their ancestors who fought in Africa for the faith, but still more for glory. I do not know with what sort of eyes they regard the constitution: whatever they may think, I suspect there is a much greater disposition to spend their money than shed their blood.

The news from Spain embittered my amusement last night. My rational Spaniards have lost their senses! They are fighting amongst themselves. A civil war has commenced in Catalonia. Priests and monks head the bands of the factious. A war between officers and monks is however marks of an originality which can only be seen in Spain. In France the officers become missionaries, and in Spain the missionaries become officers. Yet I hope this is not a war of opinion: if such were the case many other provinces would be in arms. What! the Catalonians, the defenders of liberty in all ages, take arms against it? No! nothing but hunger and seduction could have led them to raise the standard of rebellion. That which most an-

noys me, is the fact of ministers regarding the first flames of this conflagration with a species of stupid indifference. There is no vigour except for persecuting the liberals of 1820.* This is not an epigram: the ministers like the constitution, but hate the constitutionalists. If the perils of liberty increase in Spain, I will instantly quit this to share the fate of my friends there: for it is no longer an asylum for me, but a second country. Adieu! amiable lady; tell your sister lady A**** that she must not forget to include Spanish freedom in her orisons.

* The interval which elapsed between writing the letters from Spain and those from Portugal, during which the author had sufficient time to study the character of the men of 1812, accounts for the above important admission. Count Pecchio was not singular in his change of opinion, and whatever prepossessions he might have acquired on his first arrival, it is highly creditable to him, that he should thus end by doing justice to the COMUNEROS.—ED.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lisbon, May, 20th 1822.

NUMBERS of people are at this moment embarking on the Tagus to be present at the sitting of Cortes. The discussion is one of the highest importance. It relates to the independence of the Brazils. Rio Janeiro threatens to separate from the mother country: the Prince Regent has raised the standard of revolt: he has constrained the garrison which had lately gone there to re-embark for Europe. It arrived here two days ago.

The cause of the Prince is very different from that of the Brazils. He is in fact a rebel; who, from an impatience to reign, violates the most sacred oaths, and breaks through all the ties of nature and obedience. This young man is really to be pitied, he has made himself the blind instrument of a faction, which being in want of a rallying point and leader, availed itself of his inconsiderate ambition, determined to desert him the moment their independence is secured. Could

the Brazilians ever think of forming a kingdom amidst the republics of South America, and retain an European Prince, who will one day either from fear or remorse betray them?

On the other hand, the Brazils in aspiring to independence, aspires to a right which reason, nature and her interests confer. If one of the motives which determined Portugal to effect the late revolution, was to relieve itself from the absurd dependence on the court and government residing in the Brazils since 1806, will not the same motive hold good now in favour of the Brazils against Portugal?

The union of the Brazils was advantageous to Portugal when the former was treated as a colony: but now that it is on a level with the mother country, the union is no longer just or necessary. From a connection founded on an equality of rights, the only advantages that could redound to Portugal are those of trade. But would not these be secured equally well by means of a treaty of alliance and commerce?

The Cortes cannot but feel the force of these reasons: but they will not have the courage to defend them before the Portuguese people. They will sacrifice their own conviction for the sake of preserving popularity. The people of this country are in error, for regarding the separation of the Brazils as a calamity. Hence the national congress, in order to escape censure, will never

consent to this inevitable divorce till they are forced to do so. Such is the way in which you are to account for the contradiction observable between the conduct of the Cortes and its principles.

For my own part, I wish this separation to take place, and the sooner the better. Portugal will then no longer waste its attention and power on America. It now maintains twelve thousand men in the Brazils. This force is too much for its finances, and too little to keep down a population of more than twelve millions, who have already twenty thousand national guards under arms. Until now Portugal has been American, it is high time she should become European: it is time for her to re-enter the great family with more heart and spirit. Discord reigns in this family; it is therefore necessary that she should select her natural friends and make common cause with them. She should console herself for the loss of the Brazils with the friendship of Spain. She will then repair the fault of having within these few days so coldly met the proposal of a defensive alliance made by her neighbour: when she finds herself isolated, she will feel the necessity of drawing the ties of fraternity still closer with a nation which has the same dangers and the same machinations to encounter.

A report prevails here that peace is concluded between Russia and the Porte. I could never

have believed that an *Alexander* would suffer himself to be frightened! That great man of Catherine, to have suffered the opportunity of conquering Constantinople, amidst the applauses of the whole world, to escape, proclaiming at the same time the independence of two nations who deserve it most,—Greece and Italy. The only power that could or would have opposed this conquest, is Austria. Rekindling the revolution in Italy, where so many combustible materials exist, Russia might have paralysed all the forces of Austria, and thus for ever weakened her natural enemy. Perhaps liberal ideas have terrified Russia. She has too good an opinion of herself, if she thinks she is vulnerable to them. Liberal ideas have not the rapidity of Napoleon's legions, and yet what will you say when I add, as one of my opinions, that I entertain more sanguine hopes of Italian liberty from the Cossacks than the English radicals. Thus it is, that I have not lost every hope. Reflect well on this and you will not say I am wrong. If the Russian Cabinet has protected the revolution of Greece to weaken her enemy the Sultan, why should not she one day or other encourage that of Italy if it becomes her interest to weaken Austria?

LETTER XXIX.

Lisbon, May 25th, 1822.

I AM and shall always be a courtier to the truly great. With them there is at least no necessity for a long attendance in anti-chambers: their audiences are not favours from Heaven. It has not cost me the least fatigue to approach General SEPULVEDA, who, as you know, was the first colonel of the Portuguese army who raised the cry of liberty at Oporto in 1820. He is accessible at all hours, simple in his manners, and popular through instinct. The hero of Portugal is of tall stature and rather slightly made; he is so modest and reserved, that you would at first sight almost be tempted to take him for an Englishman; but after a few minutes conversation, the sun bursts forth, his countenance brightens, his cheeks become crimsoned, and his eyes more brilliant. Sepulveda may therefore be compared to a volcano covered with snow. The friends of liberty selected him at Oporto as the first actor in the revolution, and nature had endowed him with the necessary quali-

ties for so magnanimous an enterprise; prudence before action, boldness and enthusiasm when once engaged; such are the traits which distinguish the hero of Portuguese freedom. When the regency sent the troops who still obeyed them against the garrison of Oporto, which advanced towards the capital, Sepulveda, followed by two orderlies, presented himself before the hostile battalions and invited them to join the liberators of their country. Struck by this boldness and confidence, the soldiery did not hesitate a moment, and instantly ranged themselves under the banners of liberty.

Sepulveda is now commandant of the city and province of Lisbon. This important charge was conferred on him owing to a proposition of the Cortes, nor can it be taken away without their consent. The national representatives have by this wise measure provided for their inviolability, and thus removed the danger of any sudden violence on the part of the executive.

The days of General Sepulveda are a continued occupation for the good of his country. He might live in a glass-house, for he is constantly surrounded by his friends. His conversation is rendered extremely interesting from the frankness and sincerity of his sentiments: he abhorred the dominion which the English government arrogated to itself over this country, but in his hatred he did not confound the government with indivi-

duals. While conversing with him yesterday on the conduct of the hundred and fifty British officers who were serving in the Portuguese army when the revolution broke out, he pronounced a warm eulogium on them without the smallest affectation of generosity. At the first movement in Oporto these officers withdrew, declaring that they neither would nor ought to interfere in the concerns of the kingdom. The Portuguese would not suffer themselves to be vanquished in courtesy, and left it to the choice of the English either to remain in the service or retire with pensions. Not one amongst them, however, accepted either rank or pension: though several gratuitously offered to draw their swords in defence of liberty, continuing to keep up the same friendly intercourse with the patriots, and visiting General Sepulveda, to whom they manifested the utmost esteem and friendship.

You cannot imagine with what pleasure I listened to this recital, well knowing how gratifying it would be to you to hear such a chivalric anecdote of your countrymen! The sentiment of honour and justice in your compatriots, is widely different from those entertained in other countries which might be named.

The opinion of Sepulveda on Marshal Beresford, appears to me no less frank than impartial. He attributes the merit of having disciplined the Portuguese army to this officer, as well as making it so efficient before an enemy. "Previous to his

time, said the General, the profession most degenerated in Portugal was that of arms. The grandees of the Court were frequently in the habit of conferring the rank of lieutenants and even captains on their footmen. Beresford wrested the officers from this ignominy, leaving an army behind him full of honour, and which rivalled that of England itself in valour and discipline: so that we have made no change whatever in the military regulations introduced by him. Beresford was a despot in the administration, but full of integrity. He had not sufficient greatness of mind to save the brave General Gomez Freire and his twelve companions, who conspired against the English, in 1817; but Beresford will always have a claim to our gratitude for giving us a military existence."

Do you not think from the foregoing sketch of Sepulveda, that he was worthy of giving liberty to his country? Without great talents and great virtues there can be no revolutions. The despots are not therefore so much to blame in promoting vice and ignorance.

LETTER XXXI.

Lisbon, May 28th, 1822.

Why do you conceal your thoughts under so many metaphors? If this system be encouraged in Europe, the fables of Æsop will become fashionable again. Pray give up hieroglyphics and write with freedom and courage. The Portuguese constitution declares the secret of letters inviolable, do not therefore any longer curb your reflections. If there is any thing going on here that you do not like, say so without reserve. The Patriots of this country do not expect to be associated with the optimists; on the contrary, they are the first to deplore their want of civilization. They will themselves tell you, laughing, in order to paint the ignorance and rusticity, that Portugal was created four thousand years after the creation.

It rains most unmercifully: so much the better, for without this the streets would remain as they are until the end of the world. In order to shelter themselves from the rain, about fifty idlers

have collected under the portico of the hotel in which I reside: what would you say if you saw how many rags there are in a kingdom so full of diamonds! There are nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants in Lisbon, but there are not a hundred thousand who can boast of a complete covering from the inclemency of the season! Lisbon is in fact the largest study for the naked figure in Europe.*

Notwithstanding these cynical reflections, it must be confessed, that Portugal deserves uncommonly well of Europe. In the first place, was she not the first to pass the Cape of Good Hope, and find a new road to India? secondly, was she not the first, in 1760, to destroy the universal monarchy of the Jesuits? thirdly, after the ill-fated experience of the French Republic, is not

* However jocularly the Count alludes to the state of the population of Lisbon, his remarks furnish matter of deep and melancholy reflection to the philosopher and statesman. What greater proof could the author adduce of the enormous abuses of the old system of government, and the necessity of that revolution which the enemies of freedom and humanity, both in England and France, have been depreciating with so much acrimony, while the actors are held up to constant scorn and obloquy? Yet, thanks to the system which still prevails over four fifths of Europe, both its capitals and interior do not present a more grateful sight to the view of the philanthropist than Lisbon!—Ed.

Portugal the first to adopt a constitution which most resembles that of 1793, and which must ultimately become a model to the nations of Europe? This kingdom, pigmy as it is, has conferred more blessings on humanity than the deformed Colossus of the north, Russia and Poland, and of the whole Austrian empire put together!

Portugal ceased to be rich in 1806. After the emigration of the king to Rio Janeiro, the Brazils was no longer a colony, nor did it any longer remit thirty millions annually to the mother country. But though Portugal was no longer rich, it did not suddenly fall into indigence, like Spain after the loss of America. The finances are not in that disorder which prevails in Spain: the imposts are not very heavy, and they are collected without difficulty. The annual expenditure amounts to fifty millions of francs. It is true that the revenue does not equal the expence; there is a deficit of some millions. But the economical reforms which are carrying into effect, will restore the equilibrium between the receipts and disbursements: there is, besides, no prejudice against loans here. Should it be necessary to recur to this extraordinary remedy, the Cortes will adopt it without repugnance, and the national bank, which is about to be established in Lisbon, will facilitate the execution of their wishes.

The public debt is not as yet liquidated;

but independently of its not exceeding 220 millions of francs, it is sufficiently guaranteed by the existing mass of national domains and other public property.

In addition to the innumerable abuses and dilapidations of despotism inherited by the revolution, it also has to suffer from the disgraceful treaties of the old regime. Thus it is that up to the year 1825, Portugal will be subjected to the treaty of commerce concluded in 1819 with England, by which all the manufactures of other countries are excluded, and a monopoly allowed to those of Great Britain. The wish of the merchants is, that Lisbon should be declared a free port. They are perfectly right: has not nature destined it to be the grand emporium of Europe?

The army of Portugal is small but formidable. The land forces in Europe do not exceed twenty thousand men: there are as many more in the Brazils, comprising the division of four thousand men who occupy Montevideo. With the forty provincial regiments, however, which can be placed under arms at the shortest notice, the military force of this country might be increased to sixty thousand men. During the late war Portugal kept up an army of fifty thousand men! but the great Ægis of liberty, a national militia, is still wanting. The Cortes ought not to spare either fatigues or sacrifices,

nor yield to any prejudice, in order to give this powerful guarantee to the constitution.

The population of the whole kingdom does not exceed three millions of souls, whereas it is capable of containing six millions, from its extent of territory and resources. Political economists attribute this confined population to emigrations to the Colonies: this appears to me an erroneous opinion. Does not the population of France, Holland, and above all, England, go on increasing in spite of the increase of their colonies? Yet what country has suffered more in this respect, and from so many different causes? Nevertheless its population increases. What has served to depopulate Portugal, according to my notions, is the horrible system of internal administration, and that despotism which has destroyed more human beings than the plague of Alexandria.

A more equal division of property, facility of communication, freedom of commerce, liberty of every kind: such are the secrets of multiplication in the human species.

The present ministry is energetic, active, patriotic and sincere; I could even say still more in their favour, for the harmony which they maintain in the Cortes.

The king is invisible: he is like a God: it is known that he exists but no one sees him. So much the better; this worship is more pure and will not easily degenerate into idolatry. The

king shuts his ears to the councils of perfidy. He is known to have said that he never was happier in his life than he is under the constitutional system; besides, he now disposes without scruple of what the nation allows him.

The serviles are not few in number, and the malcontents are numerous, but their force is impotent: their designs are always abortive, for they neither have a system nor legitimate pretext for a counter revolution. They may be justly compared to a horde of savages who attack a well disciplined legion, and which perishes without any hope of success.

I should continue this miscellanea, were it not that the rain has ceased. I will profit by this truce of heaven, and take a walk under the porticos of the exchange. These porticos surround the beautiful square of commerce constructed under the auspices of Pombal. I must repeat to you, that I cannot think badly of the said Marquis, though I know he was a despotic minister, but acting under a despotic king. If he had not been a despot, the king's confessor, favourite, or mistress, would have been so. Pombal at least taught princes that every king may if he likes be a sovereign Pontiff in his own house: he had the courage to displace a Saint, Ignatius of Loyala, causing his name to be expunged from the Calendar; he introduced some discipline into the army, encouraged the navy, and endeavoured to throw off

the yoke of English commerce: Pombal also reformed public instruction, rendering it more conformable to the progress of the age. Even the liberals of the present day do not hate his memory; he was in fact a beneficent tyrant.

LETTER XXXI.

Lisbon, June 1st, 1822.

You do not say any thing about the impression which the dismissal of the Piedmontese envoy in twenty-four hours, by the Portuguese government, produced in Paris. France, being accustomed to the fulminations of Napoleon, has not applauded this mark of just indignation on the part of the minister Silvestre Pineiro. Ought the ministers of this country, who last year restored the credentials of the Austrian envoy, to suffer themselves to be insulted by a Nabob of Austria? Be this as it may, the recent measure does honour to the government of Portugal: it has shown itself no less sensible of national dignity than determined in its just resentment.

The Portuguese revolution is in the hands of men who are both firm, resolute, and sagacious. I do not want to deceive you, the liberals in Portugal are not so numerous as in Spain, but they make up for this in union and energy. They are close and impenetrable: like the Macedo-

nian phalanx, they advance slowly in the midst of their enemies, overturning every obstacle, like the infernal column at Fontenoy. Foreseeing the war they had to wage, their plan of campaign was drawn up, and they follow it scrupulously. Judge for yourself, if I do not say the truth, from the following facts.

Scarcely had the insurrection broke out in Oporto, when the regency here offered a free pardon to all those who should return to their allegiance, promising at the same time to convoke the Cortes. Nothing could be more calculated to seduce malcontents, uncertain of the victory, than such an offer. But the liberals of Portugal did not suffer themselves to be led away by these flattering promises. They not only rejected the proffered amnesty, but threatened to punish all those who did not unite under their banners, and so far from being dazzled by the proposed convocation of the Cortes, they declared that it was themselves alone, and not the regency, who had a right to assemble the congress in the name of the nation.

The British ministry also contrived to damp the courage of the liberals, during the first days of the Revolution. For this purpose, it offered them the support and co-operation of England, on condition that they should adopt a constitution with two chambers and an absolute *veto* for the king. But the liberals rejected this powerful

protection rather than deceive their country with an illusory liberty.

The King's return last year was another perilous crisis for the friends of freedom. The counter-revolution was prepared; the signal of its bursting forth was to be the landing of the sovereign. The Cortes seeing the danger, suddenly replaced all the colonels of regiments; they separated the king from the conspirators; and were immovable with regard to the ceremony fixed on for his disembarkation, so that the conspiracy failed.

The Portuguese liberals were fully aware of the error committed by their brethren of Spain, in withdrawing themselves from the king. They saw that by suffering him to be surrounded by the old courtiers, he would always continue isolated from the nation; and that in the end, diffidence could not fail to arise between those who kept aloof from each other. Hence the offer of the liberals to attend the king themselves, in which pursuit they show as much assiduity as the most veteran followers of the old court.

This will perhaps be the last letter I shall address you from Lisbon. I have determined to depart immediately for Spain. The situation of that country becomes more critical daily. Every thing induces a belief that the serviles and the advocates of two chambers have made a treaty with each other. Should this be the case, a strug-

gle between the two parties is unavoidable, I understand by letters from the capital that it presents that falacious and melancholy calm, which is always the precursor of a storm. The explosion will be dreadful since the Spaniards say it is near, for they never see danger until it becomes inevitable: with a little foresight, and some energy, the liberals might avoid this storm. But these, widely different from their friends in this country, with an excessive moderation, a romantic generosity, and blind confidence in their own strength, have suffered their enemies to collect all the elements of a counter-revolution. But no matter, the Spanish liberals are brave, their courage will remedy every error. Although they do not seem to have formed a plan of defence, it is nevertheless an instinct of the Spaniard not to be daunted in the hour of danger, to prepare himself for the fight with order, and follow the steps of the most daring. The liberals will triumph: such is my presentiment. I feel the pain of impatience therefore rather than that of uncertainty. Would that I were in Madrid; indeed my heart is already there!

LETTER XXXII.

Madrid, June 20th, 1822.

THE retreat of Zenophon was not more perilous nor more fortunate than my journey. I traversed the whole of Estramadura in the midst of robbers and factious bands (who are synonymous) and have reached Madrid in safety.

My conjectures are verified: here the horizon is dark and tempestuous. The Cortes are about to close, without having applied a radical remedy to the evils of their suffering country. The abyss is open; one courageous act might close it for ever. But time has been lost, the fire of enthusiasm has been extinguished by half measures, and the liberals of 1820 have lost the majority in the Cortes, within the last two months. They have however frequently been on a par with their adversaries, and they always contest the victory with spirit: Galiano is their orator. Nature has

endowed him with the gift of eloquence, and he has perfected it by study: he speaks and gesticulates nobly. If he has any defects, they consist of too much daring and presumption in favour of his party.

The antagonist of Galiano is Agustin Arguelles; but this orator is no longer the *divine*, he is scarcely considered as eloquent: his eloquence has lost its greatest charm, that of truth. He is at the head of a faction which rises and votes with him mechanically: but being dexterous, and seasoned in the tactics of the assembly, he prepares the victory in darkness, which he could not achieve with equal arms in the tribune.

Riego does not speak, Riego does not fight: what does Riego do then? Riego is the *corps de reserve* of the liberals. It is prudence not to expose him without an urgent necessity. He is the standard of Mahomet, which ought not to be unfurled except in a case of desperation.

The liberals have more than once invited the ministry to enter their ranks, and march at their head, but the ministers have refused; persisting in their fatal system of tergiversation and mystery, and covering themselves with an impenetrable veil. The representative government, which ought to be transparent, has now become an opaque body, that neither gives nor receives light. Public opinion therefore begins to abandon them.

Suspicion, accusations and calumnies shower upon these men. Yet is there one man in the ministry whom I cannot consider capable of betraying the interests of liberty, or the ignity of his country: this is Martinez de la Rosa. Young, with an interesting physiognomy: honoured in his private character, eloquent, and already celebrated in the republic of letters: proved for many years as a victim of despotism, to what can he aspire, if not to glory? Surely he is too honourable to participate in treason, and has too much talent to sacrifice his glory to the ambition of others. I must confess for my own part, that it distresses me exceedingly, when I contemplate the possibility of being one day forced to think less favourably of such a man.

Meanwhile the day of San Fernando at Aranjuez developed very strong symptoms of a counter-revolution. The royal guards, seconded by numbers of the peasantry, cried "Long live the absolute king." It is said that one of the Infantes appeared to be flattered by this exclamation. But the national guard imposed silence on the seditious and no doubt prevented the execution of a more formid.'le plan. This shameful conduct still remains unpunished.

The king will return to the capital to close the Cortes on the 30th instant. It is reported among the populace, that some violent events are

likely to attend Ferdinand's arrival. In times of revolution, these presages ought not to be despised. I am as superstitious as the Romans, who believed that these popular prognostics were the warning voices of certain genii who peopled the air.

LETTER XXXIII.

Madrid, July 2nd, 1822.

THE crisis has at length arrived. The counter-revolution burst forth with a terrific explosion yesterday. It was the day fixed for closing the Cortes, and might have been that of their sepulture. Whilst the king appeared seated amongst the deputies of the nation, with the tender title of *Father of his Country*, which the Cortes of 1820 placed over the throne, the royal guard proclaimed him an *absolute king* in the palace. At this rebellious cry, the populace could not restrain its indignation; but the rebels drove the people before them with a few discharges of musquetry. Morillo, the Captain-general, having rushed forward, drew his sword and told the soldiery at their peril to repeat the seditious exclamations. He thus brought them back to obedience and sent four battalions to their quarters. The flame thus extinguished was however destined to burst forth with greater violence in the evening. Whilst the public were wondering to see the ostentation

of indifference shown by the ministers on the Prado for the events of the morning, a report circulated that the two other battalions had assassinated the gallant Landabura within the very precincts of the palace itself. This resolute patriot died with the cry of "*long live the Constitution!*" on his lips, though in sight of one of the princes who stood at a window of the palace to witness the assassination.* At this piece of news, the agitation was instantly renewed and became general. Meanwhile shouts and imprecations were heard to proceed from the spot where the guards are quartered. Matters continued in this state until midnight, when it was ascertained that the four refractory battalions had abandoned the capital and proceeded to encamp at the Prado.

It was in vain that Morillo harangued the soldiers, for the purpose of inducing them to return to their duty. They not only refused but invited the General to place himself at their head. Upon this Morillo left them to their fate, as did also above a hundred of the officers and serjeants who joined the patriots in defence of freedom. Ballesteros, who never presents himself to the nation except in the hour of her peril, solicited the command of two pieces of artillery from the Captain-

* *Don Carlos*, who has made common cause with the fanatics ever since the re-establishment of liberty, is the person to whom the author here alludes.

general, also a regiment of cavalry, to charge the mutineers. Military discipline, and above all, insulted liberty called aloud for immediate punishment and example. But scarcely had Ballesteros commenced his march, than the king recalled him and gave orders that the fugitives should not be followed. Such are the principal events of Sunday last.

Yesterday presented a scene of incessant activity. The liberals shook off their stoical indifference, and suddenly rushed to arms. The municipality declared its sittings permanent; all the national guards are under arms. Ferdinand does not quit the palace but when he is protected by two battalions, which, as in time of war have piquets and advanced posts in every direction. The garrison observes the strictest discipline and seems determined to obey the ministers. But the latter have not yet adopted a single measure or said a word on what is passing. The *corps diplomatique* is in motion, couriers extraordinary are despatched every five or six hours for Paris. I avail myself of one of these opportunities to communicate with you; but if another does not occur you are not to be the less sanguine in your hopes of Spanish liberty.

LETTER XXXIV.

Madrid, July 6th, 1822.

The rebels have been encamped at the Prado during the last six days; while the ministers persevere in their system of inactivity and mysterious silence: they continue to sit in the palace under the bayonets of the other two insubordinate battalions, although the municipality have frequently invited them to transfer their sittings to its hall. The ministry has degraded itself to such a degree as to have three times offered terms of capitulation to the rebels of the Prado. Fortunately the latter have a nicer sense of honour than the ministers, and will not accept any conditions that are injurious or humiliating.

After five days of mortal agony, an extraordinary Council of State was assembled yesterday. The propositions contained in the king's communication to this body, induced a belief that victory had been declared in favour of the rebels, such were their criminal and preposterous tenour. The answers were those of a dignified assemblage,

which never despairs of the public safety, and whose whole attention is directed to the good of their country. The council was asked what were its sentiments with regard to the constitution? On this question being put, a general, who is no less attached to honour than his country, rose and declared the interrogation to be subversive and incendiary; that the Council of State had sworn fealty to the political code, and would defend it to the last drop of their blood. The whole council adhered to this magnanimous reply.

The plan of the counter-revolution and circle of the treason extends daily. A hundred and fifty carabineers have revolted at Cordova and are marching towards the capital. The fanatical portion of the clergy have insurrectionized Siguenza. In the mean time, the agents of the counter-revolution exaggerate the dangers which surround liberty, in order to create fear and confusion; pretending to lament the consequences. But notwithstanding all this, it would appear that the higher the danger rises, the more does patriotism and the ardour of the liberals increase.

The national guard is unwearied. It is bivouaqued and constantly on the alert. Though so inferior in numbers, it has already determined to face the four thousand rebels, composed as they are of veterans selected from the army. The patriotic volunteers afford a sublime example of

enthusiasm. If here you would see some corps composed of field officers, editors, play-actors and deputies, many of whom are serving in the ranks, and encamped in the squares. The municipality has assumed the defence of the city with heroic intrepidity. If all the authorities were nominated as they are, by the people, the capital would not have been reduced to this predicament. Grant Heaven! that when the representatives of the nation undertake the revision of the Constitution, a useful lesson may be drawn from these terrible events!

Who can foresee the result of this tragedy? A circumstance has occurred to render the gordian knot more complicated, while it furnishes another proof of this nation's originality. Ferdinand has named Morillo colonel of the Royal Guards, though he is at the same time commanding those who are opposed to it! If the capital succumbs will liberty fall with it? Certainly not! Be of good cheer lady: admit even that Madrid has yielded, the triumph of despotism will only be ephemeral. The fall of the capital will be a signal of independence to the provinces. These sigh for the moment of being able to emancipate themselves from a ministry that has always betrayed their hopes and despised their warnings. The *Absolute King* will only be a ruler at Madrid. The other provinces will govern themselves, and

know how to defend liberty with more enthusiasm than ever. In the last war against France, the people never displayed more heroism and energy than when they threw off the yoke of a central government which had been accused of bartering the national honour and independence.

LETTER XXXV.

Madrid, July 8th, 1822.

Long live liberty! Victory is ours! The Janissaries of the Prado no longer exist. They were discomfitted and destroyed at day-light yesterday morning. Having suddenly marched on the city, they attempted to surprise the three points of defence occupied by the national militia and garrison: but the artillery of the militia received them with a shower of grape, forcing them to make a precipitate retreat to the palace, leaving the streets covered with killed and wounded. Generous as brave, the victors suspended the firing, and offered life to the vanquished on condition of laying down their arms. They accordingly accepted the terms and capitulated; but repenting this step soon after, they fled towards the country. This ended, however, in death or ignominy, for being pursued by the cavalry, they were either cut to pieces or taken prisoners.

Morillo redeemed the error of having suffered the city to be surprised, by the valour of a grena-

dier, which belongs peculiarly to himself. General Alava, who never left the battalion of officers for an instant during the whole day, manifested that indifference for death which he learnt while fighting by the side of the British legions. Riego divided the perils and glory with the militia. Palarea added another wreath to the many he had gained in the late war as a Guerilla chief. But in addition to his arrangements for the attack, the nation is indebted to Ballesteros for the alacrity and enthusiasm which he displayed during the struggle. This officer is like the warriors of Ossian, whose hearts spring with joy when they hear the shield of battle resound, appearing at every point that was menaced, and exclaiming *long live liberty* as he rushed by the combatants: he not only communicated his own enthusiasm to those around, but inspired confidence in the victory.

Whilst the liberals attacked the cavalry close to the walls of the palace, the royal family appeared at the balcony, but retired soon after, on perceiving that the bullets did not recognize their inviolability. One of the Madrid journalists did not suffer this occurrence to pass without comparing it to that of Charles IX. of France firing on his subjects from a balcony of the Louvre. The coincidence is not very inexact. If the rebels had carried the day yesterday, there would have been

another Saint Bartholomew of all the liberals, not less cruel and sanguinary than that of the Huguenots.

The triumph of despotism had already been prepared in the palace: the horses were richly caparisoned. When the attack commenced, the servile dependents of the court had dressed themselves out in grand gala. But on hearing of the defeat of the rebels, they hastened to unrobe, when the display of drapery strewed about the apartments assimilated them to the wardrobe of an opera house.

The result of all this to the ministers is precisely what they ought to have foreseen and avoided. They were not allowed to quit the palace the night before last, but retained as prisoners until victory declared in favour of the liberals.

The imprecations of the prisoners, who were accused of being rebels and seized in the midst of their treasons, were really quite terrific. Some of the wounded soldiers who had fought under Ballesteros during the war of independence, observing him enter the hospital in which they were received, loudly cursed those who had seduced them from the path of honour, and only invoked their cure, in order that the remainder of their blood might be shed in defence of liberty.

I become quite furious against despotism whenever I reflect on the manner in which it perverts the good sense of this people, promoting

treason and venality in a nation which is less prone to those crimes than any other on earth.

I send you some newspapers, from which you will be able to collect more ample details of what occurred yesterday than I have given. The contest of this memorable day will be more important in its results than the battle of Waterloo.

I understand you have began to study the Castilian idiom: you could not employ your time better than in acquiring the language of liberty. May it become universal!

LETTER XXXVI.

Madrid, July 19th, 1822.

Nothing remains of the counter-revolution but its melancholy recollections. Siguenza has implored the clemency of government; the Carabineers have laid down their arms. Every hour adds to the number of arrests among the emissaries of despotism in the provinces. Many of the court retainers are also leaving Madrid to enjoy the *more salubrious* air of the country.

Without waiting the issue of the contest here, the provinces had already prepared for defence, just as I had foretold in my last. They are now pouring in addresses of congratulation to the municipality and national guard of Madrid for their late heroic conduct.

These congratulatory addresses and thanks reflect an odious light on ministers; who are objects of execration with many, and of censure with all. Their apathy during the agony of liberty in the capital is really inexplicable. But the crime of which there is a disposition to accuse the

ministry, is so enormous, that it cannot he admitted without the strongest proofs : some have already resigned ; amongst these is Martinez de la Rosa. The liberals lament the day in which they rescued him from the dungeon in which the Inquisition had shut him up during the reign of terror. It is therefore high time for me to retract all the good I said of this minister in my former letters. The sympathy I feel for men of talent had made me blind to his real character.

Lopez Baños, the illustrious companion of Riego, is named minister at war. Mina has also been appointed to head the constitutional army in Catalonia. These two men are the only fruit which have as yet been reaped from the victory of the 7th. The government is still in the hands of those who neither knew how, nor wished to prevent the counter-revolution. The liberals are too much devoted to the political code ; their devotion approaches to superstition ; they dare not even touch the charter to prevent it from falling.

Wait a little is the answer to my remarks from every side, but this *wait a little* makes me mad with impatience and rage! If the advantages which presented themselves in the first moments of victory were not gathered, how are they to be collected after its effects have ceased through the medium of this *wait a little ?*

LETTER XXXVII.

Madrid, August 8th, 1822.

It is but too true, amiable lady, that the *wait a little* was right. It has brought forth a ministry which meets and crowns the hopes of all. Yet who would have thought it, after a month's inaction and indolence?—Spain has at length a minister for foreign affairs, from whom every thing is anticipated.—The brave and enlightened Evaristo San Miguel, another of the intrepid companions of Riego. The portfolio of the interior has been placed in the hands of Gasco, an ex-deputy of Cortes, eloquent, active, and patriotic. Spain has, in fact, now an administration which possesses all the qualities, moral and physical, necessary for its good government in the present crisis.

The champions of freedom are called on to serve their country. Quiroga, O'Daly, Palarea, El Empecinado, and many others are recompensed with situations of high trust for the oblivion in which they were left by the late ministry.—Con-

fidence is restored; the reign of darkness is over, and a brilliant light illumines the political horizon.

I this morning paid a visit to Mina, who sets out in a few days for Catalonia. His physiognomy is truly Spanish: the general has a head which Scanderbeg could not have cleaved with his sword. But it is useless for me to describe this *Viriatus* of modern Spain, since you must have seen his portrait in Paris and London. He is in the very prime of life. Be assured his name will resound in the Pyrenees. Mina is one of those generals whose name alone is equal to ten thousand men. All the unemployed officers are most anxious to accompany him to Catalonia: perhaps those who have kindled a war in that province with their gold will repent it ere long. This contest has already begun to awaken the military genius of Spain. Who knows but Catalonia may yet send forth an army of conquerors?

If it be true that the yellow fever has re-appeared at Barcelona, one might be induced almost to say that even this disease has become liberal! Since its existence would be of itself sufficient to retard a projected invasion of the Peninsula.

Forty thousand veterans have been called to arms within the last few days. The national guard of Spain, which already amounts to one hundred thousand men, might be increased to half as many more in less than a month. Portugal too, has come forward with her intrepid legions to the aid

of Spain: surely it is high time that liberty descend from the tribune, and leap on the car of victory.

O soave dell' alme sospiro,
Libertà che del cielo sei figlia,
Compi alfine l'antico desiro
Della terra che tutta è per te!

THE END.

LONDON
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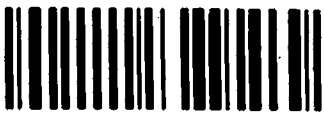
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